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Mr. Attlee to the Rescue

JUST as it appeared that Mr. Attlee was too indolent or indifferent to react to the heavy attacks now being made on him by the Right wing of his own Party, he has, with characteristic split-second timing, re-asserted his leadership. His speech to the Commons in last Tuesday's foreign affairs debate was not only a serious and, in our view, sensible criticism of the Washington Conference: it was a genuine and imaginative attempt to keep alive the Churchill initiative. More than that, it showed a timing and political aptness which, if they were not entirely adventitious (and one never knows with Mr. Attlee), suggest that he is determined not to be manœuvred out of his position to suit the convenience of Mr. Deakin or Mr. Morrison or any other of his critics.

The warmth of his reception from his back benches when he sat down was in marked contrast with that accorded to Mr. Butler, whose expression of boredom and disdain as he read out his Foreign Office brief reduced most of his followers to numbed silence. Yet an objective account of what had been happening could not leave it at that. Underneath the superficial clash across the floor of the House, both Mr. Attlee and Mr. Butler were playing politics. Mr. Attlee, apart from a curious—perhaps even forgetful—silence about Indo-China, chose to take very much the sort of line which has been suggested both by this journal and by his Left-wing supporters generally; and the cheers from "below the gangway" were unusually cordial. But some of what he said may have been less agreeable to the Right. One wonders, for instance, how many of his followers privately agree with Mr. Denis Healey that the Churchill speech of May 11 "did much more harm than good"; and how many are so perversely opposed to the neutralisation of Germany, even for the time being, as to make meaningless their verbal support for top-level talks.

It is true that last Tuesday's applause for Mr. Attlee was not confined to the Left. But one suspects that the applause of the Right indicated relief that the Leader of the Opposition had for once put up a successful Parliamentary show, rather than agreement with all he said. However, even if the reservations—unexpressed except by Mr. Healey—lay on the Right rather than the Left, and even if Mr. Attlee was conscious that additional support from the Left might be especially valuable at this moment, there is little doubt that a considerable majority of both wings of the Party understands the political value of following up the Churchill initiative. In remaining absolutely consistent with his speech of May 11 (this time without Churchill to buttress him), Mr. Attlee offered his party the leadership it desired. And so, once again, with an almost casual gesture of self-preservation, he has brushed aside his rivals.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the House a rather different operation is in progress. In less than a month Mr. Butler and Lord Salisbury have succeeded in smothering the Prime Minister's Four-Power initiative. They have not done this alone or by accident. Mr. Dulles has been their whole-hearted ally in a carefully planned operation. Neither the Republican Party in the U.S. nor most of the Tories in Britain have any desire for a Four-Power *détente* at present. Cold war, they believe, is viable in the West (and not unprofitable). Certainly it is preferable for the present to the economic crisis which might replace it. Besides, the Russians are beginning to "yield"; liberation may not, after all, be too dangerous or too remote an aim, provided there is no let-up now in the West. The essence of Sir Winston's initiative was that it was directed not only across the Iron Curtain but over the heads of his governmental colleagues, both here and in Washington, to the public outside; and it was the public which responded.

Mr. Butler and Lord Salisbury have ended all that. British foreign policy is back in the Foreign Office pigeon-hole: pre-conditions (and unattainable ones) for Four-Power talks; German rearmament at all costs; a fight to the finish in Indo-China; no certainty of any constructive approach to China on the conclusion of a Korean armistice. Sir Winston's great theme has been abandoned in his absence,

and British policy has returned to normal. The deflation of Mr. Butler's speech could not inspire his audience at the time; but the coolness of his reception may be deceptive. The content of the speech was what most of his followers wanted to hear. In the 1950s, as in the 1930s, Sir Winston is too dangerous to be able to count on unqualified Tory support.

The Socialist International

Last week's full meeting of the Socialist International at Stockholm, the results of which have been very inadequately reported in this country, seems to have done a good job in difficult circumstances. The principal fear before the meeting was that the Asian Socialists, who firmly refuse to be committed to the Cold War, would decide to break from the International. In the event, the Western delegations were careful not to press the Asians on the issue of Third Force neutrality, and the Asians decided that there was sufficient community of approach to make their continued membership worth while. Against this background, the unanimous decision to advocate immediate negotiations with Ho Chi Minh is both interesting and important. Perhaps the most difficult obstacle to be overcome was the suspicion between the French and German Socialists over the implications of Four-Power talks. The French are said to have retreated to their most extreme position of support for E.D.C., "Little" Federation—anything to keep Germany divided—and to have specifically rejected the possibility of neutralisation—presumably on the grounds that it must hasten the independence and unification of Germany. Eventually, a head-on clash was avoided and a resolution was passed calling for "re-unification on the basis of free all-German elections." The omission of any specific reference to E.D.C. was regarded by the French as a substantial concession on their part.

Nearing an Armistice?

If the coming week sees an armistice signed at Panmunjon, it will be because the Communists have evidently decided that it is advantageous to secure a cease-fire even on terms which offer little prospect of agreement on a durable political settlement. They can hardly feel genuine satisfaction with pious American assurances that the U.N. Command will "do its best" to guarantee South Korean co-operation in observing truce terms: the question what the U.S. Commander will do if R.O.K. forces break the truce and launch an attack, is left all too vague. Moreover, though Syngman Rhee and his Ministers may perhaps behave during the 90 days following the signature of a truce, there is no guarantee whatever that they will not start up the war again if the political conference fails to reach a conclusion satisfactory to the South Korean Government within three months. Indeed, Pyun Yung-tai, the Foreign Minister, appears to have indicated that Syngman Rhee will consider himself relieved of any obligation to observe the armistice unless he obtains more definite assurances from Washington that, if Korea is not unified under his rule by agreement within 90 days, American backing will then be forthcoming for a re-unification by force.

Higher Fares for Londoners

This week's findings of the Transport Tribunal are interesting, not so much for their approval of practically the whole of the fare increases applied for by the British Transport Commission, or for the very slight reliefs given to Londoners who have to travel in the early morning, as for some of the comments the Tribunal saw fit to make on the evidence presented to it. "Unworthy of serious examination," for instance, were the much-canvassed suggestions that no increases should be allowed until after a public inquiry into the workings of London Transport, and until after experiments had been made with off-peak fares. Then again:

> A substantial number of objectors suggested they were doubtful whether the Transport Commission had taken all reasonable steps to secure economies.
>
> We had expected this topic would be rigorously discussed, but in the event the discussion was singularly limited.
>
> Middlesex County Council, which undertook the role of chief financial critic, neglected the matter entirely.

Finally, the contention that any deficit ought to be made good by subsidy or by a reduced rate of interest on Transport Stock was held to be outside the Tribunal's jurisdiction, and so out of order. But these are just the proposals which the public will want to consider. For it begins to look very much as if there are no drastic economies to be made in London Transport without drastic revision of the services offered. If that is correct, the decision whether or not Londoners are to enjoy their present level of transport facilities, and what proportion of income they ought to pay in return, is a problem of politics rather than accountancy.

The Press and the Public

In a lengthy study of telecommunications for the press, commissioned by Unesco (*Transmitting World News*, H.M.S.O., 6s), Mr. Francis Williams makes various suggestions for consideration by the next conference, in 1954 or 1955, of the International Telecommunications Union. First, to serve the needs of small newspapers in under-developed areas, he suggests that a summarised report of essential news might be broadcast jointly by the various national agencies (including, if possible, Tass) at a low charge. Secondly, he urges the need for an international convention aimed at reducing the present great disparities in press cable rates between different points, and often between the same points in different directions. As a long-term objective, he recommends world-wide adoption of the flat penny rate now prevailing in the Commonwealth. At present, Mr. Williams argues, high charges are a grave handicap to the intelligent interpretation by correspondents of developments in the countries to which they are assigned; a premium is put on the selection of brief sensational news. True enough; but transmission costs are not the only factor. Cold War considerations apart, there will always be a tendency to give priority to dramatic and misleading trivialities—at any rate in this country—until newspaper managements take a different approach to the task of adequately reporting foreign affairs.

This is a problem with which the new Press Council might well concern itself. Instead, at its first meeting this week, the Council preferred to devote its energies to "deprecating" the public opinion poll run by the *Daily Mirror* in the matter of Princess Margaret and Group-Captain Townsend. Many people will feel that to conduct such a poll was a silly enough stunt; but, after all, any question of the betrothal (real or falsely rumoured) of a member of the Royal Family, requiring the Crown's consent, is a matter of public interest; and "the best traditions of British journalism" have suffered much less by this poll than by the readiness of the popular press to subordinate reports of crucial world developments to the sordid details of the Christie case.

UNITED NATIONS

Russia and the Backward Countries

A Correspondent writes: The million-dollar question in the United Nations is Russia's unexpected decision to contribute to the Technical Assistance Fund. There is one school of thought which sees in it a generous gesture, and another which suspects the motive. The one regards it as opportune because the Fund is in low water; the other thinks it may prejudice the U.S. contribution. In any case it is an interesting development, which may reflect a completely new attitude by Russia and her satellites towards the functional agencies of the U.N. There are straws in the wind which suggest that they may even reconsider their abstention from the World Health Organisation and the Food and Agriculture Organisation. Certainly they must now "take note" of the agencies, since it is through them that most of the Technical Assistance Fund is disbursed; and they must participate fully in the Technical Assistance Board, which the Economic and Social Council set up in 1950. At that time the U.S.S.R. had no objections to this body nor did it disparage its purpose—to send international experts to the help of the under-developed countries. But the Russians and their associates did not provide either money or experts. Now they will.

This development comes at a critical time for Technical Assistance. The programme, which got off to a slow start, has gathered momentum in the past two years. Projects have been launched in 70 countries. Governments which at first regarded the offer of experts rather like a mail-order catalogue have learned to discriminate and to appreciate the value of the help afforded. They have also learned that this is not "something for nothing." They have to "match" the teams of experts with their own nationals, to provide services, and to accept commitments which continue when the U.N. experts leave. Even so, requests have poured into the Technical Assistance Board which would have meant a cost of $43,000,000 for this year. Instead, the budget has been cut back to $25,000,000 and three out of every four requests have had to be refused. The British Government started the "running-down" process last year; and, this year, America has so far withheld $4,500,000 which it is due to pay on its 1953 pledges. This is money which the Technical Assistance Programme has already committed in its current projects.

There is no guarantee that this amount will be forthcoming, nor that the present U.S. Administration will continue for 1954 the arrangements of its predecessor. The U.N. is anxiously canvassing other Governments to get them to increase substantially their pledges for the coming year. Unless they do so, there is a risk that the Technical Assistance Programme will disintegrate. Projects which have already transformed the lives of mil-

tions (like malaria and yaws control) will not be "postponed" but abandoned. If Britain (as Ministers have protested) really believes in this great and disinterested effort at human advancement, it ought to give a lead by pledging at least a million annually over a five-year period, so that the programme can be properly planned.

NIGERIA

The London Conference

Mr. Lyttelton's announcement that the Nigerian constitutional conference may be held in London before the end of this month follows hard upon news from Nigeria that the three Regions have agreed upon the previously disputed basis of representation. Of great potential importance in the history of Nigeria, this conference will have the task of reviewing the Foot-Macpherson Constitution (introduced in 1951), so as to make recommendations such as may bring Nigeria—the third most populous of the oversea territories of the Commonwealth—nearer to self-government and independence. It is therefore excellent that the majority representatives of the great Northern Region (having within it about half the whole country's population) should have been prevailed upon to include in their delegation a member of the younger and more go-ahead political group known as the Northern Elements Progressive Union, Mallam Aminu Kano, as well as representatives from the pagan tribes on the Plateau and other parts of the "middle belt."

The conference is likely to tax Mr. Lyttelton to the utmost. He will find himself up against Africans of high calibre and long experience in public affairs; and these Africans, he may also find, will have clear ideas on what they want and a clear determination to get it. Should he fail in diplomacy, boggle over what he is prepared to concede, or fall to the temptation of trying to play the Northern delegates off against the Western and Eastern delegates, he will rapidly destroy all the goodwill which was yielded from the efforts of Mr. Creech Jones and Mr. Griffiths. Whether or not it is feasible to place a firm date, such as 1956, on the move to self-government, the last few months have shown that a great part of Nigeria is no longer governable under the existing constitution, and that fresh concessions are the only alternative to a reversion to government by direct rule. It is once more shown (as the Labour Government implicitly recognised by setting a trial period of five years on the existing constitution) that Nigerians, like Gold Coasters, quickly move one step ahead of the political concessions that are made to them. The question now is whether a Conservative Government will have the sense, liberalism and foresight to come as near to "catching up" with West Africa as Mr. Attlee's Government did.

WASHINGTON

A Different Kind of Witness

A Correspondent writes: Last week, the McCarthy Committee found itself landed with a witness whose tactics baffled and embarrassed it. It had called Leo Huberman, one of the editors of the independent Socialist magazine, *Monthly Review*, because Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine had found some of his books—including his best-seller *Man's Worldly Goods*—on the shelves of U.S. official libraries. But unlike most witnesses, who have refused to testify on the grounds that the Fifth Amendment protected them against self-incrimination, or have else tried to assert their loyalty by matching the anti-Communism of the inquisitors, Mr. Huberman boldly took the offensive.

He did, indeed, refuse to answer any questions about his beliefs or associations, pleading that these infringed his freedom of speech as a writer, guaranteed by the First Amendment. Their purpose, he said, is "to invade that freedom by frightening or discouraging me and others from its full exercise . . . the Committee is violating the Constitution and I refuse to be a party to such a proceeding." But Mr. Huberman explained why he had not refused to testify at all. It is all very well to denounce the book-burners, he said, "but what is really needed is action. . . . I am convinced that even an individual can, by standing up for his rights under the Constitution and the law, issue an effective challenge."

For these reasons, Mr. Huberman made no bones about his political opinions. Though he had never been a member of the Communist Party, "I am a Marxist and a Socialist and I believe in working together with others, including Communists, to the extent that their aims and methods are consistent with mine." This statement greatly puzzled Senator Mundt, who found it almost impossible to distinguish between Marxists and Communists. The Senators did not know how to handle a non-Communist witness who was not afraid to take a public stand, not only defending his own right to possess and express radical views, but also thereby insisting that Communists should enjoy similar constitutional guarantees. This has rarely, if ever happened before; the Senators threaten contempt citations against witnesses who plead the Fifth Amendment; they were not prepared for attacks on themselves for undermining the First by exceeding their legal powers.

Here lies the strength and the importance of Leo Huberman's position. Neither a government employee nor dependent upon universities or other private employers, a frank statement could not prejudice his employment. Though it takes courage to make a public avowal of free speech for heretics, especially Marxists, he felt that someone had to make a start. Too many people who should have fought back in the open have let the political answer to McCarthy go by the default of silence, or have tried to buy immunity by repudiating their own pasts.

CARDIFF

Help for the Countryside

A Correspondent writes: The long-awaited publication of the Council for Wales Report on Rural De-population has confirmed the most pessimistic views on the future of the Welsh countryside. The Report demonstrates that all the factors which stimulate the drift of population from farm to town are present. Housing is bad; in most places there is no electricity; roads, where they exist, are poor; few houses have piped water supply; and there is a general lack of social amenities. Too poor to do much about the situation, local Councils find themselves becoming poorer as people leave for industrial areas where there is a higher standard of living. The end-result will be a derelict countryside; and this in turn is bound to accelerate the decay of the native language and the predominantly-rural Welsh culture. This drift the Council for Wales is not prepared to accept. It asserts that the expenditure of £60 millions over the next 12 years will be enough to arrest and even to reverse it. It recommends that £24 millions should be spent on housing, £16 millions on water supply, and the remainder on general amenities. The vital thing, the Report emphasises, is that action should be taken at once.

Will it be taken? The Government's attitude is not encouraging. First, the Report's publication was delayed for over six months, and then, when it was published, the Leader of the House discovered there was no time to discuss it before the Recess, even though, to quote a Welsh M.P., "the reputation of Sir David Maxwell Fyfe is at stake." Possibly the Government believe that the majority of the Welsh people, living as they do in the industrial centres, are not terribly concerned with the problems of the countryside and the future of Welsh culture; and that it will be of greater advantage to meet the demands of the big industrial battalions (for new industries, new roads) than long-term agricultural plans. If so, a serious political error will be committed. What is at stake, in the eyes of Welsh nationalists, is nothing less than the present method of governing Wales.

This method—a Minister who doubles as Home Secretary, and a Council which is simply advisory—has never been satisfactory: the tendency has been to take neither seriously. The Council has now done all that it could, and has placed the Government in a predicament. Either it takes the Report seriously and implements its recommendations, in which case Welshmen will feel that was the least the Government could do; or it ignores the Report and makes the Council and the Minister ridiculous. If it implements the Report, Welshmen will still want a Welsh Department of State; if it doesn't, they will want it all the more quickly and ingrily.

BOLIVIA

Latin America and East-West Trade

A Correspondent writes: The role of the U.S. as the only nation in the Western hemisphere that can absorb all the raw material production of certain Latin American countries over a long period of time enables it to exert considerable pressure. Bolivia, since the nationalisation of the tin mines by the Revolutionary Government, has been subjected to a peculiar "limited-purchase" embargo by the U.S. By refusing to conclude a contract for a long-term purchase of tin, the U.S. has consistently crippled the plans of the Estensovo Government for economic reconstruction and agrarian development.

Now the situation has changed radically; within a few hours after the announcement of the satisfactory conclusion of a trade agreement between the Argentine and the U.S.S.R., the U.S. Government announced that it had decided to sign a one-year contract for Bolivian tin and would undertake "any measure that will help to solve the serious economic problem of the country."

How far the possibility of more trade with the U.S.S.R. will affect other Latin American countries depends upon the speed and scope of any American counter-offers. These countries, after all, are more interested in marketing their primary products than in anti-American demonstrations, though they are bound to note that the bargaining position of the U.S. in Latin America has been considerably weakened by Peron's latest move.

Argentina has a negligible trade with the U.S., but its needs are basically the same as those of every other Latin American nation. The terms of the trade agreement with the Soviet Union will greatly attract other governments that want to exchange primary mineral or agricultural products for industrial raw materials and machinery. Argentina will exchange $75 million worth of hides, tannin, linseed oil, beef, pork, for Soviet petrol, coal, and later on, oil drilling and farm machinery, processed steel, and industrial installations. This agreement is to be carried out within one year.

Through The Looking-Glass

NOTHING is more remarkable than the complete reversal of roles between East and West which has taken place since the death of Stalin. For years it had been the stock-in-trade of British and American spokesmen to expose the doctrinaire rigidity of Stalinite diplomacy and to mock at Mr. Molotov's reiterated "Niet." The sole obstacle to peace, or at least to peaceful co-existence, they said, was Russian intransigence.

Now Stalin has gone, and after Stalin Beria; the whole Communist world has been convulsed by revolutionary changes. These changes are still in their early stages, but their general direction is unmistakable. The new men in the Kremlin are seeking to liberalise the structure of personal dictatorship and to ease the demands made by an all-powerful State both on the individual Soviet citizen and on the satellite countries. It is as a corollary to these internal changes in the structure of the Communist system that there has come the third aspect of the new policy, the systematic attempt to relax the international tension by a world-wide policy of appeasement. The first sign of this new foreign policy was the Chinese about-turn in the Korean armistice negotiations. This was followed by the momentous decision to halt collectivisation and retard the pace of industrial development in East Germany and Hungary, as well as by a long series of small but significant diplomatic gestures, which culminated last week in a new appeal to Turkey and the resumption of diplomatic relations with Israel.

This revolution in Communist policy has apparently taken every Western statesman, except Sir Winston Churchill, completely unawares. Shortly after Stalin's death, Mr. Eisenhower made a speech expressing his readiness for high-level talks, provided that the Communists gave concrete proof in their actions that they sincerely desired peace. The President's demand was turned down, but the proofs, nevertheless, have been forthcoming in full measure. Pekin has shown an astonishing moderation in the face of Syngman Rhee's provocation, and Moscow has continued its liberalising policies in Eastern Europe, despite the efforts of American psychological warfare to exploit them for the purposes of disruption. Not even the Generals in the Pentagon can deny that the presuppositions on which they based their demand for Western rearmament are being undermined. If the Red Army ever presented an imminent threat to Western Europe, or the Chinese armies to South-East Asia, those threats have been removed, not by verbal assurances, whose sincerity could be held in question, but by the march of events inside the Communist world.

The greatest error into which Western statesmen can fall is to jump to the conclusion that these changes are entirely due to Western rearmament — that all we are witnessing is a reaction to the United Nations' defence of South Korea, the establishment of Nato and the threat to rearm Germany. No doubt the failure of Stalin's policy to achieve results played its part in creating an atmosphere in Moscow favourable to a change of foreign policy after his death. But anyone who studies the history of Russian Communism—or, for that matter, of American democracy—will reach the conclusion that, in these great continental States, foreign policy is primarily motivated by social forces and domestic factors: external affairs play only a secondary role in its formation. Sir Winston was right, in his speech on May 11, in remarking that he regarded "some of the internal manifestations and the apparent change of mood as far more important and significant than what has happened outside."

If this analysis is even approximately correct, it follows that Western policies must be radically and rapidly revised. In the past we have frequently argued in these columns that, even on the highly dubious presumption that the Soviet Union was planning military aggression *à la* Hitler, the policy of world-wide containment was doomed to failure. But now that the last shred of evidence for this presumption has been blown away, what happens? Instead of heaving a sigh of relief that they need no longer continue the impossible task they have set themselves of containing the Russian and Chinese armies, the three Foreign Ministers sit in solemn conclave and reach the conclusion that everything should continue exactly as before. Atlantic rearmament must be maintained. The E.D.C. must be ratified and the twelve German divisions built up. The blockade of China must go on, and the war in Indo-China be pursued. In brief, the response to the revolutionary changes in Russia and to the Communist proposals for peaceful co-existence is a resentful "Not on your life."

There are those who explain this negative response by asserting that America is bent on war. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. Neither the American people, nor the White House, nor yet the Generals in the Pentagon share the views of the lunatic fringe who long for Armageddon. But, having denied the American will to war, we must add that there are powerful forces in the United States whose pressure on the Administration rules out the possibility of peace-making; and the influence of these internal American forces is immensely increased by the pressure exerted by America's satellites, by Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek in the Far East, and, above all, by Dr. Adenauer in Bonn.

The fact is that, ever since Mr. Molotov walked out of the Paris conference in 1947, the Western Powers have reckoned on Russian intransigence as a permanent factor in world politics. Indeed, the whole Western world has been organised on this one assumption and, in the course of six years, vast vested interests have been established in such Cold War institutions as E.D.C. and Nato and in the American foreign aid which provides their financial foundations. The French economy now depends on dollar subsidies which are conditional on the continuance of the war in Indo-China. The Federal German Republic also relies on a stream of dollars which would dry up if Germany were to be reunited and disarmed. Neither Chiang Kai-shek nor Syngman Rhee could survive if America and China were to make peace. Finally, the American economy would also be imperilled if peace broke out.

Furthermore, we must add to these economic vested interests the equally important political vested interests in Russian intransigence. Politicians who have laboured for years to construct the Atlantic alliance, and to persuade the peoples to accept the burdens of rearmament, are reluctant to admit that their labours have been in vain. With no agreed ideas about how to make peace with a Russia that has ceased to be intransigent, they find it easier to dig their toes in and to respond to each Russian peace overture with yet another "Not on your sweet life."

When the objective observer, therefore, seeks to analyse the situation on both sides of the Iron Curtain, he reaches the following conclusion. Whereas the internal affairs in the Communist world converge in their pressure for a policy of world appeasement, the Western democracies are divided and distracted by conflicting pressures. Their long-term interests require peace, and the expansion of world trade. But in the short run the appeasement which the Russians now desire would cause the greatest upheavals and disturbances, and bring ruin to those who now exert the strongest influence in Washington. Hence the reversal of roles we noted above. When Stalin was at the apex of his career, it was he who responded to British and American peace overtures with a tantalising "No peace, no war." Today the Communists are searching for a settlement, and "No peace, no war" has become the policy of the American Administration.

The Means Test Once More

THE expiry of section 62 of the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1946 is today threatening many thousands of unemployed men and women with subjection to the Means Test by ending their right to insurance benefit and handing them over to the Assistance Board. The persons thus threatened are mostly elderly, or partially disabled, or both. They have exhausted their rights to ordinary benefits under the Act, and have been in receipt of benefits for a further period, without any Means Test, under section 62. The further benefits have hitherto been payable without limit of time, except that each individual case has had to be reviewed by a tribunal every six months in order to decide whether the applicant is employable. Now the Government has allowed section 62 to expire and has replaced it with a limited arrangement under which some of the persons concerned, but not all, will get additional weeks of benefit varying with their past employment records. This will mean that, in the end, all such persons, unless they get regular jobs, will be subject to Means Test.

There is in this method an important principle at stake. Should persons who are really capable of working ever forfeit their right to unemployment benefit, for however long they may be unemployed? In our view, as in that of the Beveridge Report, the answer is that they should not. Of course, persons who are incapable of work, and judged to be so by an appropriate tribunal, ought not to be kept on the unemployed register or to draw unemployment benefit. That is not in question. But to transfer a person whom a tribunal judges to be capable of work

from unemployment benefit to national assistance is calculated to do great harm to his self-respect and to his prospect of getting work.

The Labour Government cannot be exonerated from blame in this connection. It put a five years' limit on the operation of section 62, and is therefore responsible for its lapsing. Only a handful of Labour M.P.s, headed by Mr. Sidney Silverman, saw the danger in 1946, and tried to get the section made permanent. Mr. Griffiths, however, made it plain that the Government intended to review the situation before the five years were up; and had Labour remained in power, this would certainly have been done. The financial provisions of the Act as a whole are due in any case for review next year; and there was an overwhelming case for keeping section 62 in operation until this review had taken place. But despite representations both by the T.U.C. General Council and by the miners' M.P.s, the Tory Government has now allowed the section to lapse.

In our view the Labour Government was undoubtedly wrong—and badly wrong—in failing to provide, in 1946, for unlimited benefit rights for all employable persons. Of course, the main trouble is that many elderly and, even more, partially disabled persons are capable only of certain kinds of not-too-exacting work, and that such jobs are hard to come by, especially in centres of mining and heavy industry. But the persons in question have to be kept when they are not working, and as long as they are capable of work it is much better to treat them as regular insured workers. It is not the case that, outside the mining areas, there are large numbers of them who in fact never work at all. Most of them get work intermittently. Indeed, it is largely the Government's fault that they do not get more, because too little has been done, either through Remploy or through the making of special arrangements, for their rehabilitation and for their employment in other ways.

For the present the numbers affected may not be large enough to provoke a widespread outcry except in a few areas. But the change will hit just those whom it is most important not to discourage or penalise. Moreover, the putting back of the Means Test for any section of the unemployed is a most dangerous and reactionary course; and the change now made would speedily affect very much greater numbers were there to be any serious trade recession. Nothing short of fresh legislation can put the matter right. Much time has been lost already in behind-the-scenes negotiations with the object of persuading the Government to change its mind. There is nothing for it now but a public agitation, in which every Labour body, local as well as national, should play its part.

Challenge to Britain

V. Labour and Education

THE Labour Party's plan for education has been coldly received in many quarters. Some of the criticism may be written off as inevitable. The advocates of an intellectual *élite* who abhor the Comprehensive school, those who deem it scandalous for politicians to criticise Universities, those L.E.As who do not want the trouble of drastic change—a policy to placate these groups would not have been worth drafting. More serious is the hostility of the L.C.C. and of members and officials of other progressive Councils; the National Association of Labour Teachers has passed a highly critical resolution, and the many Labour Party members who are well versed in educational practice are perturbed.

The chief target of criticism is the proposal for re-organising secondary education, and this concentration of interest has obscured certain far more significant passages. "Extra teachers and more classrooms are the main requirements." "We must see that the money is found even if this means going without other things." These words imply that the next Labour Government will give education priority, even over other social services. The first objective of those who wish well both to education and to the Labour Party should be to get from the Margate Conference an explicit assurance on this point.

Buildings and teachers do not appear automatically in response to greater expenditure. Pre-fabricated schools are part of the answer; further development of the work of the Architects Branch, established in the Ministry of Education under George Tomlinson's direction, is also necessary. As to staff, the pamphlet speaks of "making teaching attractive to young people." Can this be done without higher salaries and a beginning of the implementation of equal pay? The reference to bringing "older qualified men and women into the profession" has aroused fears of dilution. Teachers' associations rightly object to lowered standards as a substitute for adequate pay; but even if salaries are raised, will it be possible to get sufficient teachers in reasonable time without some modified form of training for the older entrants? If the next Labour Government were to find the money for real educational advance, the National Union of Teachers would not be justified in returning a blank negative to any suggestion for a new form of entry. Once again, the decision on priority is essential; on it depends the goodwill both of teachers and of L.E.As.

A country in Britain's economic position is entitled to seek value for money. Two items in the policy show a proper concern for the connection between education and life—the emphasis on technical education, which will be generally approved, and the reference to Universities. It is now eighty years since the last thorough examination of University work. What do Universities aim at? At producing, in the many branches of knowledge, the highly trained persons whom society requires? If so, is the proportion of graduates in different subjects correct? At giving to all learned men and women a share in some culture and belief essential to human welfare? If so, what is the nature of that culture and how do the Universities try to impart it? The fact that no one would venture to answer these questions with confidence is the case for the Royal Commission.

Local finances are already so strained that a plan for increased educational expenditure must contain suggestions for local relief. The proposal that University awards, and maintenance grants for schoolchildren over 15, should be nationally financed, is a step in the right direction.

After so much that is sound the proposals for re-organising secondary education are startling. Apart from their defects, which are serious, they are presented with a wholly incorrect emphasis. Children are not to be segregated at 11 *plus* according to their presumed abilities. So far, so good. This means that schools for children over 11 will be "Comprehensive"; then why not say so, and welcome the work already done in this field by the L.C.C. and other Councils? Are L.E.As to be persuaded, encouraged, instructed, to adopt the "Comprehensive" policy? If so, there should be an emphatic though necessarily brief statement of the case for the Comprehensive school; if not, there is no end to segregation. The examination at 11 *plus* can be abolished, but if there is no drive for the Comprehensive school, children will be segregated without examination. The objective test gone, subjective judgments will prevail, and the child whose vigorous intellect is not matched by a manner attractive to adults will be the loser.

The attempt to provide education according to "age, aptitude and ability" in three different types of secondary school has encountered grave difficulties. No method of selection has been found which commands the confidence of parents; no real re-assessment at 13 is possible because Grammar school places are limited and an attempt to move a child of 13 out of a Grammar school is highly unpopular; the chance of Grammar school education varies as much with a child's county as with its ability; despite the excellent work of some Secondary Modern schools, there is no general achievement of "parity of esteem." The Comprehensive school provides an answer to these problems, while its opponents have provided none. Further, such a school can help the different types of child to understand and appreciate each other; it is a preparation for a community in which individuals of unequal capacity and different gifts recognise their common humanity and their duty to serve each other.

The Comprehensive school, however, must be large if it is to cater for children from 11 to 18, and many areas will not have appropriate buildings. To avoid delay, could we not start with Comprehensive schools from 11 to some age less than 18? So, presumably, the drafters of *Challenge to Britain* reasoned; and at this point the astonishing error occurs. The proposal for "High schools" for 15- to 18-year-olds is advocated, not as a method of helping some areas to achieve comprehensive secondary education, but as a universal pattern and an end in itself. Why did not the National Executive plainly advocate the Comprehensive school and point out that it could be achieved either on the London model or by the High school method, or by the formation of groups of schools, with the Sixth Form of each specialising in a particular subject? In such a context it would have been reasonable to say that the High school method, being less dependent on new building, has the advantage of speed.

Even so, the choice of 15 as the age for the break gives fresh ground for criticism. It weaves into the pattern of education an acceptance of 15 as the statutory leaving age. In view of the recent Report of the Estimates Committee it would be frivolous to include the raising of the age in a programme for the immediate future, but the prospect is not so remote that it can be ignored in the framing of present policy. Moreover, there are already many non-Grammar school children who stay voluntarily beyond the statutory age; if they have to change their school for this purpose they may well be discouraged. The High school, if it does not have to cater for 15-year-olds, can more easily create the more mature atmosphere suitable to older adolescents, while the retention of the 15-year-olds in the secondary school makes it unnecessary to give "further consideration to the age at which children will take the General Certificate of Education." This is no small advantage; whatever may be thought of examinations themselves, there is every argument against frequent changes of the examination system.

Instead, therefore, of a universal plan for 15-to-18 High schools, the Labour Party should advocate Comprehensive secondary education achieved in different ways appropriate to local needs, one method being the establishment of colleges for those from 16 to 18. The local application of policy must be considered more closely: in what areas, for example, is it true that Comprehensive education cannot be achieved in measurable time without colleges or high schools? In what districts would such schools need to be residential, to reduce transport costs?

In the private enterprise sector of education, the policy distinguishes between those fee-paying schools which do provide education, and the impostures which are presumably to be squeezed out by the operation of inspection and licence. As a Socialist body, the Labour Party necessarily accepts the objective of bringing all fee-paying schools into the free public system of education. It is reasonable to postpone this step until the free system has been improved; but once the next Labour Government has successfully launched its ten-year programme it should prepare the legislation and fix the date for taking over the Public schools.

The plan for education has left many questions unresolved. Will the delegates and the Executive at Margate agree on (1) explicit priority for education, (2) a re-drafting of the section on secondary schools, (3) the production of a pamphlet expanding the proposals, correcting the emphasis, and examining the impact of the policy on L.E.A.s, religious communities and the teaching profession? By so doing they could turn a good, but incomplete and erratic, draft into a first-class programme.

MICHAEL STEWART

London Diary

THESE are lean days for the congenital Dreyfusard, the old liberal, the professional moral indignationists who, like me, carry deep in them a treble voice ever ready to pipe up with cries of "Monstrous! A racket. Not fair. No whitewashing!" Conscripts left to die, innocents hanged, the widow and fatherless despoiled? Disgraceful! Knowing this inner voice, I ought to be specially on my guard against any sense of *Schadenfreude* when it becomes known that "they," the prefects, are "in for a stink." One waits and watches, enthralled: inquiries labour, courts martial sit and lo! it turns out that no one was ill used after all. Or so they say. All smiles again; even the traffic in the streets seems to be running easier; and short leaders in the dailies tell us that the nation heaves a sigh of relief. Somehow, though much given to sighing, I was not joining in, this week. I do not say I feel the mark of Cain on my brow, but there is a small new furrow there all the same. Possibly as a result of reading *The Lesser Infortune*, I am feeling anew for the thousands of inarticulates who are ever being pushed around—as one was at school, without much hope of escape.

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July is traditionally the month of *al fresco* catastrophe. On buglers and ballerinas, on tattoos and tutus, descend hail and lightning; and the rain which falleth on the just and the unjust, on Beverley Baxter at the Garden Party or Shakespeare in the Park, is here to stay (predicts St. Swithin). My advice: don't assume that because it is raining *now*, it will rain itself out before you start on *your* holiday. It is just one of those years. Cut your losses and holiday at home. The snag is, one doesn't want to waste that currency allowance. I wonder how many people are *driven* to holiday abroad by that forty-pound itch. Holidays at home. How that phrase, making a virtue of necessity, brings back the stuffy, still, leafy, listening July of the Fly Bombs, when one couldn't get to the seaside and sitting inside a theatre was torture. Then I believe it was we really took to *al fresco* nonsense in parks for the first time. I recall a Fly Bomb arriving in the middle of *Henry V* in Regent's Park and how one felt hypnotised and not at all worried about its distracting dramatic effect. I am sorry the outdoor theatre has failed. Yet I should honestly be sorrier if I could ever remember a performance I have really enjoyed there. My colleagues were always in ecstasies, writing reams about "dusk magic" and (yes) "the verdant greensward." All I could ever see was worn turf and sooty privet, and the words came to you through a sound of deep frying as you huddled in bone-achingly damp deck chairs.

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Like a fool, I went down to the Pleasure Gardens on the night *before* they brought the entrance fee down from 2s to 6d. Not a soul there, except the fairmen saying it was all still too expensive. "They" (meaning works' coach-outings) "get down to Souffend, get it cheaper there." Really the "art touches" in this pleasaunce have never given the populace much pleasure and are certainly not thought worth the extra. Pity. It was looking lovely in a drugged, dreamlike way, with nicotinas scenting the dusk, and far away, across the swaddled amusements, Battersea power station brooding like Vesuvius. (Thinking up next winter's fogs? Or symbolising local resentment? Either way, baleful.) In the ballroom, two couples of girls danced together, watched by five or six youths in chocolate suits who combed their hair absently. Outside, a band played to emptiness (at the Zoo on similar evenings, at least there are the monkeys to enjoy the music). Anon, a drummajorette, with kilt and yellow ochre knees, led them forth, playing "Anchors a-weigh!"—a lonely Miss Moses through the desert. Melancholy seizing me, I hurled myself at the "amusements," won a crystal vase, paid 1s. to be turned upside down and 4d. for a sausage roll. After which I felt, as they say, queer.

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Food poisoning, like cures for cramp and the Queen's Beasts, continues to convulse the public mind. What I want to know is, should one trust in hygiene or in resistance? For example, the other day a bronzed salad and a gristle pie with sauce sent the whole of one chara-load to the stomach pumps at Southstone. But in the Midi, at the Pension Pis-Aller, in a whole month, I never once felt what are called politely "the symptoms." Not that it was clean. Saint Frou-frou smells shocking and there were clouds of flies—on the tables, if none on the *patron*. One day in search of shaving water I penetrated into the kitchen and saw Stanisalas the Polish cook preparing *pâté maison* with the help of Moumou, a pregnant tabby. Why was I not poisoned *there*? Garlic, or a cussed confidence in Mediterranean cuisine? Better a meal of herbs where faith is than meat pies and much vinegar (*Proverbs*).

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I was sorry to see that 13,000 seaside picture postcards are to be destroyed; a sort of holiday book burning. No doubt they were very wicked. Yet opinions vary. I recall being sent a card from Milan of (I think) a Hermes by Bronzino. Someone, perhaps a prudish postman, had stuck a piece of stamp paper *au bon endroit*. The effect was wildly indecent. I often think seaside picture postcards rather jolly. Having perhaps been told in childhood "You don't want to look at those dear, they're vulgar," I now find that I do. They make me laugh and contain as many good puns as the *Observer*. One I have shows a fillet of sole and a pair of corsets. Underneath it says "Southstone is a lovely *plaice* for *stays*." Another shows girls fleeing o'er the sands with a stout matron bringing up the rear: "We're being chaste down here but Mum is all behind" it says. Yet another shows a powerful matron with a small ginger-haired escort. "Found a topping little sandy cove here," it says—harmlessly enough, surely. The words of the local chief of police on the subject sounded sane to me; to the effect that he couldn't think these things did much harm, but if some Stiggins complains, he is bound to prosecute.

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Up in thundery N.W.8 on Saturday the crowd surged at the end of my road. Nothing odd about that. I quite understand in my tolerant way that people should want to watch cricket and that not everyone that crieth Lords Lords shall by any means enter in. But it wasn't the overflow from Lords. It was a wedding, at the sturdy, wholesome-looking Church of St. John which commands the rising ground. "Marrying a Black, tut, tut, eh?" said someone. In fact, Peggy Cripps was getting married there to Joseph Appiah, of the Ashanti. I suppose some people who feel strongly about "colour" (I am quite blind in the matter) might have been expected to feel agitation. Might there not be—would there not, even a few years back, have been—demonstrations of some sort? But the crowd was merely curious and wholly well wishing, composed (to be sure) largely of those strange bulky anonymous hippos, in fawn coats and lisle stockings who appear wherever an awning goes up and watch in lachrymose enjoyment and total lack of envy every detail of the bride's attire. Here of course there was the double fun of a bridegroom who looked even more gorgeous than his bride—and how very much cooler and more pleasing than the average Moss Bros. groom. The happy occasion has, I daresay, huge implications and is a fine and fearless assertion. Me it left thinking chiefly about male clothes, which, since Eric Gill and rationing, are a subject much neglected. What is uglier than a cutaway? Why do we wear such horrors? Even Mr. Bevan's blue gaberdine, looked at logically, though much nicer than hired tails, was hardly the sort of thing a really rational morta! would want to buy. In this matter at least I think American influence is wholly beneficial; the young dress more sensibly than they did and it's the cinema that has taught them.

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Perhaps because I have never "placed a bet," my notions of High Life on the Turf are those of a nursery governess; lurid and theatrical goings-on of indescribable guile and effrontery. Yet obviously the thing is really just as hum-drum a business as greengrocering. All that stuff about "Ringers," about aristocrats "warned off," pawned pearls and faked telegrams was invented by Edgar Wallace, or was at best a far off, picturesque Edwardian, or Parisian, affair, with scandals in "le Jockey" and half the Faubourg in disgrace. All the more amazing then, when Life suddenly starts to copy Art—be it only the art of Edgar Wallace. Will a cut—or possibly merely blitzed—bookies' "blower" down near Bath prove a pipe-line to that best of all popular sports—scandalous speculation about the rich?

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I get furious with doctors who won't tell me what's the matter. I assume they don't know and are hedging. Still, perhaps they are wise. Mrs. Rug, to whom I take washing, was in tears.

"What's the matter?" "Ow, lil' Norma [her child] got the St. Vitus." I put on a frown of sympathy mixed with disbelief; all the same, I looked it up in the dictionary when I got home and indeed children do, it seems have it. Not, however, lil' Norma. What the doctor had said was "Sinovitis." In other words she needs her adenoids out, as I have long thought.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

God has called upon Germany to save Christianity . . . The fate of Europe, Germany and Christian culture depends on the outcome of the ballot.—*Dr. Adenauer.*

Germany hears God's voice once more
In the Western German State.
The Federal German Chancellor,
Like other Chancellor's gone before,
Is charged with Europe's fate.
And the message is handed on—
Germans must save the West,
Heed the divine behest,
For the voice of God is the voice of Bonn.

Destiny once more strikes the hour,
The task must be begun.
If free elections return to power
The party of Dr. Adenauer,
The will of God is done.
The mark of heavenly grace
Is shown to Germans still,
For Bonn's will is God's will
And God has chosen the German race.

Western Christians in other lands
May ask why it should be
God confides them to German hands,
Why Christianity falls or stands
By the vote of Germany?
Why—God only knows,
But Germany hears the Word,
They above all preferred,
Always the race the Almighty chose.

Since God the mandate to Germans gave
By him to be employed,
Christian culture and faith to save,
Will Germany raise from Europe's grave
The world that she destroyed?
What is left of it all?
Though the vote for Bonn is won,
What's done can't be undone,
And the past is gone beyond recall.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to effect,
And "Gott mit uns" the Germans say,
"For we to-day as yesterday,
Are still the Lord's elect."
And though the choice seems odd,
The fate of the Christian West
On the German vote will rest,
For the voice of Bonn is the voice of God.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Kitao, an Egyptian Yogi, has been retained by Glasgow Tigers to help them beat Birmingham in a National Speedway Trophy match at Glasgow. . . . Glasgow manager Ian Hoskins: "It is only fair for us to have a Yogi on our side. Birmingham has a foreign rider."—*News Chronicle.* (E. S. Goller.)

A defendant at Southend, Essex, yesterday, admitted one previous conviction—for failing to produce his identity card while wearing a bathing costume during the war.—*Daily Mail.* (E. Lamb.)

Mr. Cyril Wilkinson, Mayfair ear-piercer, who punctured the Queen's lobes, reports that he has had a couple of dozen requests for clients within recent months to have their *noses* pierced. And from good London addresses too.—*Evening News.* (A. G. Long.)

Priests and Proles

DURING the past seventy years the Catholic Church has made a number of attempts to define its attitude towards the social changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution. In a series of Encyclicals, the Vatican has evolved something like a doctrine of social policy: what has been lacking is any serious attempt on the part of the Church to apply it in concrete circumstances. Yet the Church has always included men who have realised the inevitability of social change and who have felt that Catholics should take a primary part in furthering it. Characteristically, the latest expression of this movement has occurred in France, a country which fathered the Cluniacs and the Cistercians and which, five hundred years later, produced a St. Vincent de Paul. The *prêtres-ouvriers* have attracted little attention outside France, but they nevertheless represent the Left wing of an important and widespread movement in Western Europe. Here may be the key to a phenomenon which puzzles many British Socialists: the Catholic Left.

Partly to clarify my own thoughts, I set out to interview one of the worker-priests. The priest to whom I spoke was a youngish man of thirty, with a round, pleasant face and slightly greying hair. He was dressed in blue overalls and an open-necked shirt. He told me he worked in a machine-tool factory in one of the north-east suburbs of Paris. "I've belonged to the mission for just over a year," he said, "and the things I've found have been a revelation to me. I'd always been brought up to believe that France was a Catholic country, but where I've worked I've met men who've never heard of Christ. Most of them are Communists. They live in a little water-tight world of their own. They never hear a word from the other side. But I've also discovered what made them Communists in the first place. It was a painful discovery."

This priest (I'll call him Father Gerber) is a typical member of the movement launched in 1944, when Father Godoy, the *curé* of a big working-class parish near Paris, published *La France, Pays de Mission.* Out of a working population of 18 million, he calculated, only 8 million French workmen were in any sense practising Christians. France, historically and traditionally one of the great Catholic countries, was a nation of pagans, as legitimate a sphere for missionary work as darkest Africa. Father Godoy proposed a return to the methods of the early Church. He realised that the ordinary parish priest could do little to remedy the situation. For one thing, his parish was usually too large—sometimes including as many as 50,000. More important, the workers tended to regard him as a bourgeois, a natural enemy, hand-in-glove with their employers and the ruling classes. The need was for chaplains—priests with whom the worker could identify himself, who lived and worked with him and who therefore shared his problems. Father Godoy's book shocked the French middle-classes. It also stirred the French Catholic hierarchy to action. During the years 1946-47, various organisations were launched, to bring the clergy into a closer relation with the workers. Beginning on a small scale, but with the support—admittedly often reluctant—of the French bishops, they are now a nation-wide organisation and a sizable factor in French working-class life.

The worker-priests are divided into three main groups. First, there is the Sea Mission, which operates from the big ports. Its members enlist on trawlers and do ten months' duty before the mast before beginning active missionary work. Then they set up small centres in the parts of the towns frequented by seamen. Often they accompany them on voyages, sometimes as far as Iceland. Secondly, there is an agricultural mission which tours the country areas in the centre of France. They operate from motor-driven trailers and make systematic tours of the countryside. But the largest and most important is the Mission of the Sons of Charity, based on Paris and the big Northern and Eastern industrial towns, which operates among the factory workers. Its members are trained technicians or craftsmen, who work in factories and live in lodging houses in the working-class districts. They do not wear clerical robes, and are trade unionists. By day they work at the factory bench. Their active proselytising is confined to the evenings, when they hold discussion groups in the houses of individual workers. They also give cinema shows, and in one area they run a newspaper with a circulation of 7,000.

The aims of the worker-priests are as much social as religious. Father Gerber told me: "We are not so concerned with getting the workers to church, as getting them out of cafés and cinemas, and trying to revive their family life. And we don't worry if they're Communists—we're much more interested in getting them to think for themselves." Much of the priests' time is spent in such purely social work as finding lodgings for workers in the overcrowded slum districts and augmenting the often inadequate health service and cooking and distributing free meals.

Naturally, the missions have found a bitter opponent in the C.P. But curiously enough, their actual relationships with individual Communists, even Communist officials, in working-class districts are surprisingly friendly. Father Gerber told me that many of the regular members of his discussion groups were Communists, and that on several occasions he had co-operated with Communist officials in solving local problems. "They appreciate the social work we do," he said, "and the fact that we join their unions." Sometimes indeed, this liaison is carried to an extent which the French middle-classes and the Right-wing press find alarming: among the demonstrators arrested (and manhandled) by the Paris police during last year's anti-Ridgway riots were two worker-priests.

When I tackled him on this point, Father Gerber told me that he imagined that most of the people who attended his weekly mass voted Communist and would continue to do so. But this didn't distress him: on the contrary, he thought it natural and right that the worker should vote for the party which he thought best represented his interests. Father Gerber, in fact, was a man of very radical political convictions. Like most of the other worker-priests, he had been a member of the *maquis* and worked with the M.R.P. during its early, enthusiastic days. However, he did emphasise that in general the worker-priests tried to steer clear of politics. "We try to take an intelligent and useful interest in the life on earth," he said, "but our eyes are really fixed on the hereafter." He smiled as he said this. I was not surprised when he told me that a good sense of humour was the worker-priests' best stock-in-trade, and that the next best was a thorough knowledge of workers' slang. Certainly his own was encyclopædic.

The worker-priests have had a mixed reception in France. There has been no attempt to ban them from any factory, but most employers are hostile, especially when they happen to be Catholics themselves. In a number of cases the priests have met opposition from local authorities, who have, for example, refused them parking space for their trailers. There is, however, no doubting the fact that the worker-priests have

aroused immense interest in Frenchmen of all classes. *Les Saints vont en Enfer*, a recently published novel by Gilbert Cesbron, which describes their work, has excited widespread press comment and, although of negligible literary quality, tops the best-seller list with a sale of 130,000. In particular, the Left wing of the Church, always strong in France, has been attracted by this form of missionary work. They see in it a return to the spirit which made the primitive Church a truly proletarian movement.

Nevertheless, many high-place French ecclesiastics feel strongly that the experiment is playing with fire; and a Vatican statement lately warned against clerical participation in class-warfare "on whatever side." This has generally been interpreted as a criticism of the French worker-priests. Doubtless the Vatican was thinking in terms of Italian politics. Were the movement introduced in Northern Italy, it might tend to confuse the convenient distinction between Catholics and Communists. It is to be hoped that the French hierarchy will not give way to Vatican pressure, for the experiment is necessarily a long-term one. Father Gerber emphasised that it could not be judged a success or a failure until it had functioned for fifty years. For my own part, I was impressed by what I saw of the mission's work. I found Father Gerber a likeable man with a remarkable sense of purpose and a single-minded approach to what is, after all, a very complicated problem. Whatever the record of the Catholic Church in the past, the worker-priests should be judged on their own merits.

PAUL JOHNSON

Hanging the Sick

[The author of this article is an experienced clinical psychologist who had an opportunity personally to visit J. R. Christie in prison.]

THE legal definition of insanity—and we must regard the McNaghten Rules as the nearest approximation to a definition—is 110 years old. One would imagine, *a priori*, that the general advance in medical science, especially in medical psychology, would have made this definition suspect, to say the least. In three years we celebrate the centenary of the birth of Freud. It seems to me lamentable that courts are still bound by a quasi-definition whose only defenders are lawyers, whose knowledge of psychiatry must inevitably be incomplete.

Much of the confusion which arises in the public mind revolves round the word "insanity." Now the McNaghten Rules make no mention of "insanity." They state that there must exist "such defect of reason from disease of the mind. . . ." It was held in the Straffen case that low intelligence, probably inborn, though it was at least a partial "defect of reason," did not arise from "disease of the mind"; hence, the McNaghten Rules did not apply. In the case of Christie the defence pleaded insanity; but the medical witness for the defence, Dr. Hobson, never once, so far as I know, claimed that Christie was insane. He claimed that Christie was suffering from disease of the mind; in this case, hysteria. The prosecution did not argue that he was not so suffering; they merely denied that he was suffering from "such defect of reason . . . that he did not know that what he was doing was wrong." The jury decided that it was not "reasonably probable" (the judge's direction) that he did not know it was wrong.

It should be realised that there are diseases of the mind, which are all that the McNaghten Rules require, which are not insanities in the psychiatric or in the popular sense. In no sense was Christie a "raving lunatic." In the psychiatric sense he was not psychotic, not suffering from schizophrenia or a manic-depressive disorder; he was, in the psychiatric sense, suffering from an acute neurosis, from (as Dr. Hobson said) "gross hysteria." In one sense, then, a verdict of "guilty but insane" would have been a false verdict. This trial made it clear that by "insane" in the legal sense we mean either psychotic or neurotic—a very different sense from that given to the word either in popular speech or, in so far as the word is used at all, in psychiatry.

The fact, however, that Christie was not suffering from a psychosis does not mean that he was not very ill; and it certainly does not mean that, being, as it may be said, "only" neurotic, he therefore could not be excused his actions on the grounds of "insanity." There are many hysterics who are much iller than many schizophrenes. As we now know, and as we knew already to some extent, hysteria can be of such a gross nature as to lead to such abnormal acts as Christie committed. To ask the jury to decide whether, at particular times in the past, Christie knew that what he was doing was wrong, was to ask a question which is both impossible to answer and which is in any case irrelevant. It in no way denigrates the jury, a conscientious and intelligent body of people, to say that they were insufficiently trained to answer a question of such a complex psychological nature. Dr. Hobson presented his evidence with exemplary skill, but it is, to my mind, doubtful whether the jury understood it. It is for the psychiatrist to understand hysterical manifestations: it should be no part of the duty of a jury.

But the question is irrelevant in any case. In this day and age it should be possible to approach problems of this nature by asking "Why did he do it?" I should imagine that even the medical witnesses for the prosecution would agree that the short answer in Christie's case is "Because he was ill." The defence suggested that there were no motives for the murders, as evidence that they were the product of an unsound mind. The Attorney-General, supported, if I remember rightly, by the judge, pointed out that the prosecution had no need to demonstrate a motive: they only had to demonstrate the fact of the murder. This language baffles reason. Both sides seem to assume that there are actions which have no cause. Of course Christie had a "motive," but it was a motive arising out of his illness. It was as much the product of his illness as is the staggering gait of the sufferer from locomotor ataxia. And both arise in the past—the one from psychological causes, the other from syphilis.

We can imagine a murderer—there may have been such—who in the full possession of his reason, marries a woman, takes out insurances on her life, murders her, hides the murder, collects the money and, when it has been spent, passes on to the next murder. A murderer as sane and deliberate and logical as the best burglars. A man who knowingly and willingly chooses to take the risks; who decides to make money in that way. It is possible to argue that in our society such behaviour must be the product of mental unbalance; but it can be conceded that such a man could exist about whom there could be no argument that his murders were a matter of choice. If there is to be capital punishment, such a man would hang: no one could defend him. He played a certain unlawful game and lost, as he always knew he might. That is murder with a realistic motive, a logical cause. But it cannot by any stretch of credulity be thought that Christie approached that type of man, for all that he was rational. It is impossible to say that his murders were anything but the product of his illness; and psychological theory, which is unhappily not convincing to the layman, can at least attempt a more detailed explanation. If this is accepted, we must ask, not "Did Christie know it was wrong?" but "Do we hang ill people whose crimes are the product of their illness?" Imagine a man who suffered from an infection of the brain itself, or an injury to the brain, which resulted in his committing murder. Would we hang him?

It seems to me that we must re-think our basic propositions and ask why we have a trial at all when the fact of guilt is admitted. It is legitimate to ask a jury to decide whether or not, on the evidence, a crime was committed. It is not legitimate and it is not fair to ask a jury to decide on the mental state of a prisoner at some time in the past. In fact, we admit this already in many ways. With the more obviously insane, the prisoner is said to be "unfit to plead" and the jury are directed to return a verdict of "guilty but insane." They are given no option: the medical evidence is accepted without question. Then again, when a jury have decided that the man is not "insane," the Home Secretary appoints a panel of three or more doctors to examine the prisoner, and their decision can override that of the jury. In their deliberations they are not bound by the McNaghten Rules; they have merely to make a clinical judgment irrespective of the crime. If juries can then be dealt with in this peremptory way, why have a trial at all?

It can be argued that, since the panel of doctors is appointed to make sure that, irrespective of the McNaghten Rules, an insane man is not hanged, justice is thereby safeguarded: the trial may always be a farce, but ill people do not suffer. But now that we have extended "disease of the mind" to include hysteria, and since the doctors could not find Christie "insane" in their psychiatric sense, he hanged, ill though he was.

The public might be more disturbed about the issue of this case, and of the precedents it will set, if they had some idea of the sort of man Christie was. The popular press painted him as a monster; and most people would imagine that such gross abnormality must be apparent. Yet the many people, including his wife, who knew him while the murders were being committed never, apparently, noticed anything odd about him. The neighbours never suspected. The victims never suspected. In fact, to meet, he was a worried, fussy little man, rather prudish in conversation, an exceedingly "normal" person, who was obedient, put on his reading glasses and methodically put away his others, did all that was asked, was apologetic for any trouble he was causing. A psychiatrist could see and demonstrate his gross illness, and could cite the aphonia and blindness of the past as acknowledged symptoms diagnostic of gross hysteria; but to the ordinary person he would have seemed a very ordinary person. In the same way, a man can suffer from T.B. or cancer and seem quite ordinary to the ordinary person. The doctors can demonstrate that he is nearly dead.

Of course, the doctors can be wrong—either in the case of hysteria or cancer. Perhaps the cancer patient does not die as soon as expected. Perhaps the hysteric was less ill than was thought, more nearly the man who collects insurances. The extent of error will be less if doctors and not juries decide, but it will not be eliminated. How can we deal with these errors? It is said that the hanging of "innocent" people would discredit capital punishment and lead to its abolition; we are assured that such mistakes are never made. The most that can be said is that they are seldom

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discovered. But how often are ill people hanged? How often are the doctors wrong and a man hanged who was not collecting insurances but acting on the demands of a pathological psyche? I suggest that justice can only be safeguarded by the abolition of the death penalty. Society cannot afford to make mistakes in this realm. And one thing is certain. In the Christie case, the existence of the death penalty did not, and in the nature of Christie's illness could not, act as a deterrent.

Hilaire Belloc

But for the tragic accident which befell him last week, Hilaire Belloc would have been 83 on Monday. He was born near Paris in 1870, and the scene and the year of his birth were alike of some significance. In that summer, what he was wont—characteristically—to call "the Germanies" coalesced to assault his native land and, having destroyed the second French Empire, prepared on the basis of their triumph to erect a second German one. There was, however, another upshot of the catastrophe—the Commune, a revolution set on foot once again in France, but this time with its main inspiration elsewhere. For Belloc these developments represented the two great perversions of modern history—the perversion of military power and the perversion of the authentic French Revolution. Bismarck had destroyed the *gloire* identified with French arms by the fame of Napoleon (from one of whose commanders Belloc was descended); Marx had corrupted the revolutionary traditions which derived from Rousseau. To this twofold challenge to the Latin spirit the man born in France in that fateful summer would never reconcile himself. Nor would he allow his contemporaries in what was once Christendom to do so, if he could by any eloquence of speech or vigour of written word prevent it.

Belloc consecrated himself early to countering the growing prestige of all things German, and to formulating in terms of democracy as he understood it (which had little to do with parliamentarism) an alternative alike to plutocracy and to collectivism. But beneath the ideas and emotions which led to Belloc's quarrels with his contemporaries there lay, of course, an inspiration far more ancient and more profound. It is hardly a coincidence that the young man known already for his brilliant versatility made his name—in 1902—with that most individual of Odysseys, *The Path to Rome*, since for Belloc it was to Rome that all roads seemed to lead. Yet it is no less true that all his roads started from the Eternal City, and from it in its pre-Christian era; for, culturally regarded, Belloc's *pietas* is as much pagan as Christian. "Home," says Eliot, "is where we start from." For Belloc, Europe's home was Rome.

The Roman whom he sets before us as standing at the threshold of significant history displays three characteristics—a strongly local religion, military virtue, and attachment to the soil. The Faith, the sword, the land—for Belloc these things were at the very root of Western culture. His Catholicism is strongly coloured by this threefold inspiration; though Belloc was deeply and genuinely a religious man in the strictest sense, one is too often left with the impression that in strenuously asserting the dependence of Western civilisation upon the Faith out of which it grew, that Faith is made instrumental to, and its spiritual and "oecumenical" character obscured by, concentration upon its cultural efflorescence. But there is another angle from which what might otherwise be almost a moral perversion ought to be regarded. Of Belloc it has been well said by Mrs. Robert Hamilton that "his concern is with the Faith in act." For him, authentic religion vindicated itself in the health and vigour of human societies and of men as responsible beings within them. Freedom, nationhood, the family, a just and roughly egalitarian society—these things had roots in the past of Europe, roots of which men were ignorant or neglectful at their peril.

This conviction lay behind his attitude to history, in respect of which this vivid and evocative writer got into so much trouble with his contemporaries. If it is declared with indignation or disdain that Belloc was not an impartial historian, the Dickensian rejoinder at once suggests itself: "Who deniges of it?" If he would not, like Johnson whom in some respects he resembled, deliberately see that the Whig dogs had the worst of it, at least he was determined to see that the Catholic case had the best of it. To that extent, no doubt, he failed to be a truly objective historian, though it is going altogether too far to suggest, as some have done, that he was a deliberately dishonest one. And in this connection two points need to be remembered. First, Belloc was consciously and more or less confessedly setting himself to redress a balance; he was striving for the recognition of a largely unfamiliar and for the most part, here in Britain, unwelcome point of view. And secondly, it was always realised by writers of the Wellsian school, who have been particularly critical of Belloc in this respect, that their own outlook was not as "impartial" or so unquestionably "scientific" as they sincerely supposed; that it was as much shot through with rationalistic and "progressive" assumptions as Belloc's was by Catholic and "medieval" ones. The regrettable feature of this controversy is that it has tended to obscure Belloc's remarkable and strongly individual gift for the evocation of a historic situation, and his power to present some incident of a far off day as glowing with significant life, or some movement in human affairs as packed with an enduring meaning. When critics complained to George II that Wolfe was mad, he replied that, if this were so, he wished that he would bite some of his other generals. Faced by the critics of Belloc, one has been tempted to express a wish that he would bite some of our "impartial" historians.

But perhaps it was as the prophet calling down wrath upon both parties to the controversy engendered by modern industrialism that Belloc made his most distinctive impact upon the minds of those of a younger generation not wholly committed to one side or the other. Ten years after *The Path to Rome* had gained for him the delighted admiration of thousands by its gaiety and zest, *Servile State* challenged the attention of the reflective by its diagnosis of the strange turn which liberal projects could be seen—or at any rate suspected—to be taking. In the first decade of the century Belloc had been, if hardly an orthodox, at any rate an obvious radical; it was an inheritance which had come down to him from his mother, who was a descendant of Joseph Priestley. But somewhere about the end of the first reign of the century, there came a change in the "climate of opinion": men began to trust less to any impersonal progress or benevolent "drift of events," and Belloc felt the full force of this change and expressed it. It was not only that he lost his faith, not merely in Liberals but even in liberalism. It went deeper than this. The things that had always counted most with him were beginning to appear no longer secure—honour in public life, the poor man's liberty, even that Latin civilisation with which, for Belloc, the fate of England was inexplicably bound up, in face of an ever more massive and militant "Prussianism." The Three Musketeers, Belloc and the Chestertons, went into opposition, not merely to this or that government, but to the whole "progressive" movement and every prevailing tendency in English life. For them it was no longer a question of spirited forays against the rich, the Jews, the politicians and the academics. It was now a full-scale battle; and Belloc began, I think, to feel that it was a losing battle. The mood is expressed in one of his most deeply felt and indeed tragic poems.

> Ha'nacker Hill is in desolation,
> Ruin atop and a field unploughed
> And spirits that call on a fallen nation . . .
> Spirits that call and no one answers,
> Ha'nacker's down and England's done.

In 1914 came the war, in which, as Chesterton said, "the Prussians closed up my quarrel with my sires," and which brought to Belloc the opportunity to put forward, as a military commentator, a good deal of his historical philosophy to those who would never read the books in which it was systematically set forth. The war did not reveal a fallen nation, or suggest to the world that England was done. But after 1918 the initiative had passed away from her, and an international situation dominated by the tension between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. was not one amenable to Bellocian categories.

Even one so sympathetic to Belloc's sociological diagnosis and prescriptions as is the present writer may wonder how far he can speak to Britain's situation in the middle of the twentieth century. Whatever doubts and apprehensions one may have about the Welfare State, at least it is not the Servile State as Belloc foreshadowed it. Whatever truth may lie in his Distributism (a great deal, as I at least believe), the idea needs a far closer application to the problems of large-scale industry than its protagonists devoted to the subject. But it was not as a sociologist but as a poet that Belloc hoped, if not for fame, at least for remembrance. It was his uniquely individual handling of our language, springing from his immense zest for life, coupled with his deep sense of the "tears of things," which for fifty years had made him beloved over all to those who had once fallen under his spell. Belloc was not a poet in the modern vaticinatory manner, but he has written some of the loveliest lines in English verse. One recalls the subtle procession

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of sibilants in the passage where, speaking of his countrymen, he writes:

> . . . the faith in their happy eyes
> Comes surely from our sister the Spring,
> When over the sea she flies;
> The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
> She blesses us with surprise.

In his gusto, in his satire, in his sudden wit and no less sudden sadness, in his lightness and in his profundity, in all that springs from the "spouting well of joy within that never yet was dried," Belloc has always something vital in store for us. A "full man" if ever there were one, we can come back to him again and again; and, whenever we do so, he "blesses us with surprise."

MAURICE B. RECKITT.

Princess Rainbow

LOS ANGELES, California, in 1942 was not the ideal place in which to find a housekeeper. Everyone was working in the aircraft plants and shipyards, or they had joined the Forces. But finally, on the edge of defeat, a grudging agency sent me Rainbow, small, neat, dressed in shapeless grey, her hair hidden under a coarse, black net. In the first moments of our interview, she kept her eyes turned downward and I saw that she wore childish, anachronistic slippers with straps across the insteps. Her age could have been anywhere between thirty and fifty.

"You might not care to have a Piute Indian," the agency had said doubtfully.

"Nonsense," I replied, but I had not reckoned on a full-blooded Piute princess, nor yet a princess who had once won $1,000 for walking from New York to Chicago as a publicity stunt (I saw the newspaper clippings); had toured the United States as a trick rider in a circus, alternating this activity with hula-dancing or extra work in Hollywood films when dictated by financial straits. Rainbow also could cure cancer, she said, by the application of a mysterious leaf to the inflicted area, and her prowess at fortune-telling, she admitted, was unsurpassed. Her sole qualification as domestic help appeared to have been as "lady's maid" to a prostitute. "A call-girl, lots of customers," said Rainbow simply. "Miss Trudy Lane was sure a nice lady."

On the face of it, I decided to accept both Miss Trudy Lane and Rainbow; and the latter joined our household the same day, moving in with her cardboard suitcase and bulging assorted parcels.

I departed for work a little nervously, but as the weeks went by and the house remained clean and the children content, my fears grew quiet. Early on in our relationship, one thing was clearly established and this by Rainbow herself.

"Honey," she said, "don't you never leave no hard liquor where I kin get at it. The damned Gummamint don't allow us Indians to drink hard liquor."

The "Gummamint" was the dark theme of Rainbow's days and in time I grew to see the U.S. authorities through her eyes. Occasionally I would try to point out that the Government alone was not to blame, that perhaps all of us latter-day Americans shared the guilt of theft. But she would only look at me blankly, shake her head and say, "the Gummamint taken away my land." Thus, in a way, Rainbow became my responsibility.

The shapeless, grey attire was for week-days only. On Sundays, Rainbow achieved such a state of metamorphosis that, the first time it happened, we could only stare at her with open mouths. She wore tight, black serge pants, embroidered in silver, a black satin blouse and black bolero, while the childish slippers had been replaced by black cowboy boots sewn with white butterflies. On her head rose up a black "ten-gallon" cowboy hat with a silver band, and her hair hung down in a single, long braid. She was no longer Rainbow the suppressed, but Rainbow the circus rider. Our admiring cries were received in complacent silence, but when I asked where she was going, her face lit with a smile of pure pleasure. "Honey," she said, "Rainbow goin' ridin.' Gonna get me a horse and ride off into my mountains." Only she called them "mountings." As I watched her walking away from the house, a lean, slightly bent little figure, grotesque in her finery, it occurred to me for the first time that Rainbow was an old woman.

We did not see her again for three days and, despairingly, I prepared a fresh onslaught on the agencies. But when I returned on the third evening, Rainbow was in the kitchen, dressed in her usual grey, the forbidding net on her head. She did not move from her chair but sat looking straight ahead with an expression of profound gloom.

"Rainbow! Where have you been?"

I was indignant that she made no overture toward explanation, nor did she look at me.

"In the clink," she replied in a morose voice, and was silent.

"But what happened?"

"Got to drinkin'," she said without a trace of apology, merely stating a fact. Then she added dreamily, "Rainbow sure like her liquor."

She suddenly shot me a side-long look, full of humour and a little wicked.

"Got me a gemmamun too, a real nice gemmamun."

I did not inquire about this nice gentleman nor the details of her disgrace but retired to my room wondering whether I should keep her or not. In the end I decided to let her stay, my decision being compounded of expediency, affection and that haunting sense of responsibility I continually felt toward her.

Later I saw no reason to alter my decision. Rainbow's Sunday excursions continued, but she always returned, looking content if somewhat dishevelled, saying she'd been "ridin' in thim old mountings." She had moments of depression when she got out her papers, the yellow newspaper clippings, the cold Government documents of identity, "Indian, female," and a mysterious sheet of paper which she never showed me but which she said was the alleged proof that she was the rightful owner of a tract of land in a part of the country that varied, with her recounting, from Arizona to New Mexico, to Utah and back to Arizona. Because of this uncertainty of locality and because of the constantly altering size of the territory, ranging as it did from fifty acres to thousands, I sometimes found credulity growing strained. On one subject, however, she remained consistent, and this was that her father had been a "very great Chief" (alas, I have forgotten the name she gave him) and that she was a true princess. Watching the light on her face as she offered me this information, I was content to take her word.

One day, returning from work, I heard a muffled, rhythmic noise issuing from the kitchen. It was accompanied by a curious mutter of incomprehensible words, half spoken, half grunted. Opening the door, I found Rainbow sitting on her usual chair, eyes staring ahead. Her slippered feet rose and fell in unison, thumping out a slow challenge, and I saw that she held our sharpest meat knife in one hand. She did not look at me, but interrupted her threatening mutter to say: "Stay away from me, honey. Rainbow on the warpath." She waved the knife. "Rainbow gonna cut thim min. She sure gonna cut thim."

"What men?" My eyes were on the knife.

"Thim painter min. They sure cheated you outta good money."

For a moment I could not understand her reference, then I remembered. A week before I had had my bedroom painted by two itinerant workmen. It had been a mistake, as I realised as soon as I saw the bad job they had done and the size of the bill they presented. Rainbow had been in the room while I argued, but apart from some brief, whispered invective, had taken, I thought, no notice.

"But that was a week ago, Rainbow. You can't do anything. Besides—oh, give me the knife, please give it to me."

To my enormous relief she suddenly stopped her muttering and thumping and held out the knife, her expression mildly surprised.

"Why sure, honey, anythin' you say."

Then she laughed, an old woman's cackle, one hand to her mouth.

"Sure would have cut thim min."

Something of my fear and exasperation must have communicated itself to her, for she looked suddenly remorseful.

"I ain't bin drinkin', honey. Just don't like to see my lady cheated. When Rainbow go on the warpath, she sure go."

The incident shook my confidence, and I made up my mind to tell Rainbow to leave, for in spite of my feelings for her, the knife had been up much.

All this took place just before the Christmas holidays, and I decided to wait until the first of

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the New Year before letting her go. In retrospect I should have acted at once, thereby sparing us both the tragedy that followed.

I had arranged with some friends to hold a joint New Year's Eve party in my house and, despite Rainbow's reiterated statements that she would "never touch a drop of hard liquor" in my presence, I was a little nervous about the contemplated evening when hard liquor was sure to flow in abundance and certain proximity. But Rainbow was delighted. "I sure do like to see folks enjoy theyselves," she said. "Why, whin I was lady's maid to Trudy Lane, we had us some gorgeous parties."

I looked at her uneasily. Trudy Lane had not appeared in the conversation for weeks. Our imminent party suddenly acquired the faint flavour of a brawl. But Rainbow looked at me with the same expression of pleased anticipation. "Just you wait," she said, "I be all the help you need. I fix things real good. I got plans."

Her words sounded a little ominous in my ears, but it was not until the night of the party that I beheld the full flowering of those plans. In the middle of a sentence, the guest with whom I was talking broke off to stare in amazement over my shoulder.

"My God!" he said. "What is it? A superannuated Pocahontas!"

I turned to look, and what I saw left no doubt in my mind that here at last was Princess Rainbow. From head to foot she was dressed in buckskin; her feet were moccasined, her hair held back by a band of leather, glinting with silver discs. The long braid hung down her back. She carried a tray of drinks and her dark eyes above the wide rim were full of restrained pride. I noticed the dignity of her bearing, the way she held the tray as though carrying an offering to the gods and in spite of my doubts, I felt an immense admiration for her.

When she reached me, she bent forward, whispering, "I ain't bin drinkin', honey. It okay," and with this reassurance I had to be satisfied.

Near one o'clock when the party was at its noisiest, I missed Rainbow and decided optimistically that she had gone to bed. Then someone took my arm, saying, "Come and look at this maid of yours. She's really something to see."

I went fearfully, and what I saw justified all my evening's apprehension. From some corner of her suitcase and her past, Rainbow had resurrected a ghastly travesty of a hula costume, a nightmare in petunia, clinging sleezily to the poor thin body, flapping grotesquely about the old, stringy legs, as she undulated in the movements of the dance. It was horribly obscene. As I watched, she took a drink from a proffered hand, downing it in a gulp, then threw back her head and shouted, "hotcha!" with a loud crow of drunken enthusiasm.

"Stop it!" I shouted suddenly. "Stop it at once!" and knew I sounded hysterical.

There was silence and Rainbow turned to look at me, lurching slightly. "Okay, okay, honey," she said. "Rainbow taken a powder."

She looked at her tormentors, as I labelled them in my mind, her expression leering and contemptuous.

I never saw her again. Some days later I found that all her things had gone from her room. She must have slipped in quietly in my absence and taken them away. It was no good speculating on her reasons. If it had been to spare my feelings I felt the thoughtfulness misplaced. My guilt was no less than hers.

FLORENCE HAYES TURNER

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THE STRATFORD LEAR

FROM being the least acted and the least popular of the great Tragedies *King Lear* has recently been accepted into the repertoire as if it had never not had its place there. We owe this perhaps as much to Granville Barker as to anyone. His authority as actor and producer has weighed in the scales against those writers who for so long dominated Shakespearean criticism from the study. But the acceptance of *Lear* into popularity by audiences is rather more remarkable. It is true, of course, that one aspect of it appeals to a special taste of our age. We are all, whether we recognise it or not, post-Freudians and so are not afraid to be familiar with those border lands lying between sanity and insanity which *Lear* explores. We have no need to stop to be shocked, like our grandfathers, nor to explain that we are not shocked, like our fathers, by what the Unconscious throws up: and in *Lear* we see the Unconscious with its richness of allusion and imagery operating nearer the frontiers of the Conscious than in any other completed work in the language. As for the horrors, we perpetuate everyday barbarities of our own, alike in our fiction and in reality, besides which those in *Lear* pale.

But if we have proved to our own satisfaction that the play is stageable and the part is actable, we have found it to be true as well that both feats are very difficult to bring off. The former is perhaps the more so, as the new version at Stratford illustrates. Mr. Michael Redgrave joins Mr. Donald Wolfit and Sir John Gielgud in proving the part attainable (and I'm not sure that taking all in all his is not the finest). But the production is marred by too many failures in casting to be counted a complete success. One is reminded by it of something one tends, from the general high standard, to forget—that Stratford is a repertory company. To put on in one season two of the major tragedies is admirably ambitious. But it is almost bound to create serious casting difficulties, and *Lear* suffers for *Antony*'s success. The acting of the sub-plot—and it is played with very little diminution—is only just adequate. Then, the experiment of engaging an abstract painter Mr. Robert Colquhoun for the decor is only half successful. His "object" abstracted from a Stonehenge monolith seemed to me the successful half; it loomed and brooded and distilled a sufficiently evocative atmosphere against a sombre backcloth. But the dresses were more of a hinderance than a help; they looked uncomfortable and they were not abstract enough. Together with a superabundance of whiskers and false hair, they were too reminiscent of the most conventional illustrations of Early Britain. Mr. John Gardner's score was also only half helpful. The musician's part in a play must be entirely self-effacing; whenever the sound spills over above the words, it is wrong. Mr. Gardner's did far too often, and far too loudly.

These blemishes, however, are not enough to spoil the whole. Fortunately, those surrounding the King were excellent. I admit to having feared that Mr. Harry Andrews might prove not plain and blunt enough for Kent. But the fears were quite groundless. He subdued his musical voice to a harsh gruffness and the tender note when it has to come is all the more telling. Mr. Marius Goring was an admirable fool. Fools in *Lear* have lately veered nearer and nearer towards grotesques. Mr. Goring's is a return to the more conventional, but none the less good for that, not a point missed and exactly right in weight. Miss Yvonne Mitchell is not ideal for Cordelia but she held her own. These, with Mr. Basil Hoskins' suitable Edgar, surrounded Mr. Redgrave's commanding Lear with invaluable support.

Mr. Michael Redgrave is commonly regarded as our most intellectual actor and that phrase usually implies a criticism: his conceptions are always thought out to the last detail, but the thought remains visible and interferes with the free expression of the feeling. If there has been something in this criticism, Mr. Redgrave has at Stratford this season gone a long way to meet it, I should have thought. At any rate I seem to notice a quite new broadness and freedom about his acting this year. The preparation of the detail has, as several interesting interpretations show, been as careful as ever. But there has been a greater gusto and a bolder and freer and larger drawing of the outline than ever before. This has involved one slight sacrifice, namely, of the absolute clarity of diction for which in the past Mr. Redgrave has been notable. But he cares too much for the verse and its values as an aid to performance not to re-incorporate this when the new style is perfected.

Earlier in the season Mr. Redgrave's Old Testament Shylock burst the frame of the production. But *Lear* can stand, indeed it demands, that all the stops should be at command. Mr. Redgrave starts from the fact of Lear's age. That is the strongest impression he gives at his entry—excellently contrived by the producer Mr. George Devine. But he establishes it, not by conventional "old age business" but by the voice and the bearing, by giving off somehow in the way he sits and stands and listens the very feel and, as it were, the smell of old age. And then he proceeds to define this old age in increasing detail. This is the old age of a despot still unreconciled to the loss of power and vitality, so that the resigning of his office is only another whim of his never crossed authority. Though he dramatises his own age as the old often do, the outward signs of it take him himself by surprise. For the other remarkable thing about him is his strength—a thing on which all comment up to the end—his strength of will and body too, though this has the trick of betraying him, as when in the thunder and lightning of his rage with Kent, he cannot match his fury with his actions, for he can only fumble his great broadsword half out of its sheath.

This is the first crack in the unity of his person-

ality, and through it we already just glimpse, in the working of the lower jaw, the threatened horror. Rage and impotency pulling against each other will force the crack wider until control is fatally loosened and finally gone. And we are brought by the end of the first part, with the absolute assurance of complete inevitability, to that very point:

> I will do such things—
> What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth. . . .
> Oh fool, I shall go mad.

It had looked then as if nothing could go wrong, but curiously the storm scene did on the first night just fail of its full effect. Several things contributed to this. The setting was at its least helpful here and the lighting, which should have helped out, did not do enough. It was left to the actors surrounding Lear to convey the whole effect by swaying and shouting against the imaginary bluster; as an effect, it didn't quite come off and somehow it distracted attention too much from Lear. This may, by now, all have fallen into place. Very likely, for there was no question of the heights not being regained after the long interlude of the sub-plot which intervenes between that and the Mad Scene. This last was wonderfully conducted, the relevance of every flashing irrelevancy caught, and the almost unbearably savage humour mercilessly placed. The last scene of all I have never seen better acted. I don't know by what art Mr. Redgrave manages to convey, as he carries in the dead Cordelia to that quadrupled "Howl!", that this is a last access of dying strength; but he does, and we are then perfectly ready to hear and accept that he has, with his own hand, killed the slave that was hanging her. Is there anywhere in dramatic literature so perfect a dying close as the disjected phrases of these last pages of *Lear*? And is there anything more moving than to hear them perfectly delivered, each by each, as they were on this night? Certainly I don't remember an audience so deeply stirred as the audience at the first night of the Stratford *Lear*.

In London, no one should miss the three parts of *Henry VI* which the Birmingham Repertory Company present on successive nights at the Old Vic. The company under their tactful producer, Mr. Douglas Seale, give a spirited performance, and those who are not familiar with them will be surprised by the pleasure the plays give. I hope to write about them at greater length next week.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE YOUNG GENERATION

THE Beaux Arts Gallery in Bruton Place is quickly and deservedly gaining the reputation of being the one gallery where it is possible to see the serious work of young painters. This is because the Beaux Arts selection of artists is based on a real understanding of the position in which students and ex-students now find themselves. On the one hand there is the triviality of the Old Academy; on the other, the New Academy's tired abstractions or apocalyptic mumbo-jumbo. Together the two seem to lay claim to and corrupt every possible contemporary tradition. Consequently the young painter feels that he must start quite by himself from scratch. I should guess that never before has the truly promising work of a new generation been so graceless, so dogmatic in its uneasy refusal to accept help from successful example.

One might wish that these young painters could see the possibilities of a more socially relevant art, concerned consciously but not necessarily directly, with the issues which, in every other field, now dominate the world. But, because of a lack of leadership, this has not yet happened and so their art remains gruff, eccentric, obstinate, clumsy, naive, but at the same time passionate, urgent and springing without the slightest trace of rhetoric from the only source they feel they can trust—their everyday, almost banal experiences. Thus it is clearly useless in judging their work to expect studied originality or elegance of style. Instead, it is a question of assessing talent and imagination in their barest, and therefore, granted the present situation, most genuine form. And this, it seems to me, is precisely what the management of the Beaux Arts Gallery tries to do.

The present mixed exhibition of 50 paintings and drawings is a remarkable tribute to the success of the effort. There is only one piece of "Child Art"—No. 24. (An obvious danger when dealing with the work of artists who deliberately humble themselves is to confuse unconscious with achieved innocence.) The other 49 works are all worthy of the struggle that lies behind them. Standing in front of them, one does not always suspend disbelief, but one is able to forget that art is ART—which, as things are at the moment, is very much more important. In particular I should like to mention an excellent drawing of a girl by Peter Baer, a painting of some children having supper by Roderick Barrett—a picture somehow reminiscent of the odd poetic centre, not the sentimental Disney trappings, of the story of the Three Bears—a straightforward painting of scaffolding fringing Westminster Abbey by Carl Cheek, a portrait of a man with Blarney charm by John Eyles (this painting is an immense advance on earlier work I have seen by the same artist), an extraordinary picture of the suspense of a football crowd by Diana Cummings, and some delightful, gently satirical scenes by Halina Korn. The new Edward Middleditch of a fruit tree, drifted with blossom like snow, reveals the most painterly observation of space within the thorax of branches. The new large Jack Smith of a child in a scullery shows how this artist has retained his uncompromising awareness of the identity of each object—as though he had often bathed the child, scrubbed the draining-board, clamped a mincer to the kitchen table—and at the same time is increasing his sense of compositional unity.

JOHN BERGER

BALLET DECOR

THE American National Ballet Theatre is not as slick or shiny as other American companies I have seen; but on the female side it has a lightness and a soft grace that suggest Russian rather than American tuition. Against this the men are not exciting enough, and the power to excite by physical brilliance, as opposed to feminine grace, is one of the essential qualities in masculine dancing. The most important ballet shown on the opening night of this company's four weeks' season at Covent Garden was *Aleko*, a romantic ballet by Massine and Chagall, taken from Pushkin's *Gipsies*. The theme is that of the young man who joins the gipsies and falls in love with a curtain-earringed girl, only to be discarded for a more virile lover from her own tribe. The young man sinks into delirious despair during which he knifes his ex-mistress and her lover. This is not too hopeful a theme, and in its execution there are shades both of nineteenth-century sentiment as epitomised in *Il Trovatore* and twentieth-century sentiment as epitomised in Augustus John with his caravan troupe. Massine's work in the choreography is decidedly dated, and there is a continual conflict as to whether the ballet should be realistic or fantastic, which is not elucidated by Tchaikovsky's music. It is only in Chagall's exquisite scenery that there is complete harmony and a settled determination for the fantastic. What the little bear and the suns and moons mean, floating together with such gay magic, does not matter; they evoke a poetic mood of such potency as is seldom achieved by the designer alone. Chagall's backcloths are like his pictures enlarged, yet they seem to me better suited to the dramatic mystery of the theatre than to the strict formality of a wall. Although these pictures have no depth they are completely successful as designs for ballet, for their atmospheric enchantment spreads from the stage into the auditorium like a perfume. Generally speaking it is important that the dancing figures should stand out clearly and at the same time be integrated with the scenery; but in the case of the decor for *Aleko* the figures fade before the superior vitality of the backcloth. This is partly because the acting ability of the three principals is not great. Alicia Alonso dances the gipsy girl with skill: she is above all things a highly professional artist. But the two young men are not so finished. John Kriza, as the gipsy, is too soft both in his dancing and acting, while Igor Youskevitch seems to be quite out of contact with his fellows, going through his passionate part with a gently abstracted air.

Melissa Hayden gave an ethereal performance in *Les Sylphides*, but her partner, Michael Lland, committed sacrilege by dragging her along by the wings.

ANNABEL FARJEON

WATCH AND LISTEN

THIS week I want to take the analysis of *First Reading* a little further. If it is a failure—as I believe it is—Mr. John Wain, the editor, should not be left to carry the whole blame. The B.B.C. is also at fault. For twelve months the Corporation wisely left Mr. John Lehmann in charge of the feature, and although he has his prejudices like the rest of us, there is surely no doubt that the standard of these broadcasts was far higher under his editorship than it is now. Then why did the B.B.C. make any change, why did it not let well alone? And the trail leads us to one of those disconcerting absurdities that make the Corporation such an endless puzzle. It appears that, like all bureaucracies, it has to have rules, and one of them is that nobody should be allowed to edit a feature of this sort for more than a certain time. Hence the Wain appointment.

Now we can all see that the B.B.C. ought to change its outside staff from time to time, and indeed I would go further and say that the Corporation would be a much livelier institution if it brought in more guest producers for its features and plays. But any rule, however

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justified and sensible, must ultimately become obstructive if it is followed slavishly—if the people at the top are without the courage or the discrimination to break it every so often. *First Reading* is the perfect illustration. I mean no discourtesy to Mr. Wain when I say that he is not a natural as an editor—why should he be? He is a poet and I am sure has both taste and imagination. But a good editor is about as rare as a man of genius—three or four in a generation and we can count ourselves lucky.

But there is another criticism that one should make. Mr. Wain can be forgiven because of his inexperience, but how is it that nobody in the Corporation saw that, given his terms of reference, *First Reading* was certain to be unsatisfactory? On the evidence of these three broadcasts, Mr. Wain seems to believe that there are dozens of talented young men, starving away in garrets and only waiting for this chance to declare themselves. It is simply not true, as these amateurish broadcasts so sadly show. And, really, the B.B.C. only had to turn over the yellowing pages of *Horizon* and *Penguin New Writing* to see how these things ought to be done. Unlike Mr. Wain, who has so far confined himself to Britain and Dublin, Mr. Connolly and Mr. Lehmann saw that, if a literary magazine is to maintain a standard, it must call in talent from the established writers as well as from the novice, and from Europe and America and not merely from England. *First Reading*, on the other hand, was inevitably impoverished from the start, and will, I fear, only convince the average listener that modern writing is a bore.

As a postscript let me add that the B.B.C.'s attitude to modern literature is ungenerous, sometimes ill-conceived, as in the Wain feature, and wholly unsatisfactory. There are only two regular reviews of new books during the week—half an hour's talk by Mr. Lionel Gamlin on the Light and a quarter of an hour by Mr. John Raymond on the Home. The Critics discuss one book on Sunday morning and some of those who raise their voices would hardly seem qualified to express an opinion. And what else? Well, there is a serial in the Women's Hour and another on the Light late at night. The Third means well, but although it periodically bases a talk on a new book—Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's recent broadcast on Carlyle and Macaulay is an admirable example—it has no weekly review of current literature, surely a staggering omission in a programme that claims to be serious? If the old lady that is Broadcasting House wants to earn the medals that have recently been pinned on her breast—she has just been awarded the first prize in the culture class—she will have to stop behaving so shabbily to modern writing.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"Salome," at the Odeon
"Way of a Gaucho," at the Marble Arch Odeon

Salome danced before Herod. Of course she was probably a thoroughly nice girl, and her dance the sort of thing the vicar couldn't really object to. And in fact it was all in a good cause. She had no intention of going further than dancing for the old beast; she did *not* ask for John the Baptist's head; and when the bloody dish came on—well, you could have knocked her down with a feather.

Good show! And when will it be dear Jezebel's turn? Such a maligned woman. And Leda: what won't people invent? And Lucrezia Borgia, not proven, and that nice, funny old Judge Jeffreys, and Rasputin, no more than a John Brown farther east. History so drags one down, doesn't it, unless one's won a battle or two; and of course if you dance, you're finished. But Paramount are changing all that.

Salome liked dancing. Well, who doesn't? She'd danced for the Emperor's nephew, but he didn't seem to appreciate it; he even let his uncle banish her. So back to dreary old Galilee. But on the boat, she (Rita Hayworth) met someone (Stewart Granger). So everything had been okey-doke. Even if, afterwards, that hog of a step-father (Charles Laughton, taking a rest from Henry VIII) had made passes. Marcellus, of course, hadn't liked that.

And then there was this thrilling new religion, with baptisms in the river and prophecies and water turning into wine and curses and everything. When it was all over—that terrible evening of the dance—they'd gone, Marcellus and she, to listen to the new prophet, spreading his arms on a hill-top and telling about blessed this and blessed that; and it had been lovely there in the gloaming.

At this point there appeared on the screen the words

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING

but, thank goodness, it was the end.

It's quite a pleasure to return to the whistling adventures of *Way of a Gaucho* and *Macdonald of the Canadian Mounties*. The first is all about being a gaucho at a time and place when one could still, just, be a gaucho; about knife duels and lassoing, banjo airs, the pampas, "go with God," being on the run and living down murder, and the love of a true woman. The scenery—which, we are assured, is real Argentinian—looks splendid, and there are even a few Argentinos knocking about. I didn't take much to the hero (Rory Calhoun), though I preferred him in his early mood of knifing all "forners and ciddymen." Afterwards—such is life on the run—he even proposed settling down in the detested city. There's a heavy brother forever turning up with his talk about progress, and an even heavier policeman on the trail, borrowed from *Les Misérables*.

The Indians just squeeze into *Way of a Gaucho* by crossing a river and getting hacked to pieces by the soldiery, but theirs is almost the principal role in *Macdonald of the Canadian Mounties*. They are respectable. They dance a bit. They look for the most part like Red Indians dressed up like Red Indians. They talk a hell of a lot; and it is our misfortune that the brave Macdonald doesn't shoot on sight but prefers gentlemanly infiltration. Accordingly we spend a good deal of time with these Indians. But I can't say I know them better than in the bad old days when they'd whoop round the upturned wagon, and that was that.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Ondine," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

In Giraudoux, too, one finds idealised the radiant, eloquent *jeune fille* of the modern French theatre, even when as here he was stimulated by the dramatic possibilities of the fairy tale. "*Nous sommes chez les humains*," exclaims the infatuated Andine. "*Que je ne sois malheureuse ne prouve pas que je ne sois pas heureuse.*" But in *Ondine* and elsewhere Giraudoux did not sentimentalise her *à la* Anouilh; nor did he use the ancient fairy motif of an impossible attachment between mortal and sprite as a mere literary trick (as it tends to become, for instance, in Cocteau). Though it has a stock Romantic theme, *Ondine* is profoundly original in its lyrical impact as Le Théâtre National de Belgique enabled us to sense last week. From de la Motte Fouquet's *conte* of the water nymph who leaves her natural element to fall in love with an errant knight already betrothed to a mortal lady, Giraudoux with his witty poise, his expansive rhetoric and his neatly timed illusions put on the stage the touching spectacle of selfless "otherness" bewildered and adrift in our world. The Belgian visitors did not give us quite the full effect: some of the cunningly prepared magic was lacking and some was rather perfunctory. Their own playing, however, did much to compensate for this: Mme Jacqueline Huisman gave a gracefully vivacious performance as Ondine, admirably set off by the virile Chevalier (originally the Louis Jouvet part) of M. Marcel Berteau and too—in the best performance of the evening—by the fierce, proud, pig-tailed Bertha of Mlle Madeline Rivière. The direction by M. Jaques Huisman aimed wisely at zest rather than subtlety.

A. C.

Correspondence

LAND NATIONALISATION

SIR,—There can be no question among Socialists that in the ideal State no land would be privately owned. As our object is to create the ideal State, that must therefore be our long-term objective. The problem is not what our aims are but how to achieve them, starting from the conditions that exist today. So far as the land is concerned we must strive to achieve in the first place the general implementation of Socialist principles, such as removing privilege and economic power, making equality of opportunity more of a reality, and making progress with the redistribution of wealth. Secondly, we must increase agricultural production as quickly as possible; and thirdly, in order to achieve this we must retain the confidence and the goodwill of all those who are engaged in the production of food.

The nationalisation of rented land will achieve none of these sound objects. In the days when large estates were many, and were owned by a small group of the aristocracy the nationalisation of rented land would have removed much privilege and economic power: today the majority of large estates are owned by public bodies while most of the rest of rented land consists of estates of a few hundred acres or less.

As for production, many of the areas taken over would be so small and widely scattered that their management would present formidable problems. Furthermore, the realignment of farm boundaries and the general planning and equipment of a whole area, as by the provision of roads or improvement of drainage, would be impossible owing to the intermixture of rented and owner-occupied land. On the other hand, much of the land most in need of re-equipment is owned by the people who farm it, and whose limited resources are fully taken up by the needs of actual farming, leaving nothing over for their obligations as owners. Such land would be untouched by the proposals to nationalise only rented land. Finally, it would fail because it would appear to the farming community to be a senseless compromise between nationalisers and anti-nationalisers, justified by expediency rather than efficiency.

The alternative is to adopt a policy of functional nationalisation, by which is meant nationalisation, not necessarily of one farm or estate, but of a whole area where production would be increased by substituting the State for the present owners. There is no dearth of such land, or of powers to acquire it. The 1947 Agriculture Act enables the Minister of Agriculture to acquire any land, no matter to whom it may belong, and no matter who may farm it, if in his opinion production will be increased by the present owner being dispossessed. What this means in effect is that powers already exist whereby any farm, estate, or area of land can be taken into public ownership, equipped in an adequate manner, boundaries re-drawn to promote efficiency, and any other work undertaken that is considered advisable. What is needed is to ensure that these powers are used courageously, and to remove the reasons, mainly financial, why in the past they have not been sufficiently used.

The question of land ownership is undoubtedly important, but we must not be led astray into thinking that once we have answered it all our agricultural problems will be at an end. Many other things will have to be done, such as the readjustment of land values to bring them into line with the increased costs of other factors in production; the re-establishment of security, which is now beginning to crumble under the present Government; and above all, as you yourself have pointed out, the realisation by the public at large, and the Treasury in particular, that more capital must be made available for agriculture, and therefore less will be available for other things. Unless this is fully appreciated, whether we follow a policy solely of nationalising rented land, or go in for what, to my mind is the more effective policy of functional nationalisation, funds will not be available for equipping in an adequate manner either the land which passes into public ownership or that which remains in private ownership.

H. D. WALSTON

Newton Hall, Nr. Cambridge.

" CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN "

SIR,—In his *Challenge to Britain* article, G. D. H. Cole says, of the need for investment in capital goods, " It is difficult not to be appalled at the magnitude of the problem." This is very true. We are an old, specialised economy, adapted for survival in a world that no longer exists. We can only be rejuvenated through a great effort of economic reconstruction—a New Industrial Revolution carried out with the enthusiasm and speed of a Five-Year-Plan.

At present, largely for lack of enough capital-formation, we suffer from perpetual hardship and frustration—too few houses, old and tumble-down schools, narrow and crooked roads, infrequent and crowded buses, an ill-planned railway network, recurrent power-cuts, not enough of the better kinds of food (for lack of exports to buy them with). These hardships and frustrations will continue for a generation (or more), unless we do something about it. But what? The Conservative policy is, by deflation, tax-reduction and cuts in the social services, to force one section of the community to bear the major burden of frustration while the minority contract out of it through the working of the price system. The Labour policy is a policy of fair shares that spreads the frustration fairly evenly over everybody, while it does nothing to do away with its causes.

The current increase in productivity, even if it were much greater than in 1945-50, would not be sufficient. We must cut out frills and luxuries if we are to secure necessaries for ourselves and our children. Ten years of war-time " austerity " would set us up as a new nation. But will we face it? We cling to our smokes and drinks, our films and TV sets, at the cost of decent food and housing, our children's education and our public health services.

In the past, it appears that only under one of three conditions has a nation ever sacrificed present consumption to the needs of capital formation.

(1) In war-time, when the gain is nearly all used up in mutual destruction;

(2) Under a dynamic dictatorship, as in the Soviet Union and its allies (here, too, much of the gain is squandered on so-called Defence);

(3) In a society such as nineteenth-century Britain where the bulk of the population is compelled by fear of hunger to work for the minority and where capital formation is a sort of by-product of the waste and luxury of the owning class.

Can Cole show us a way of persuading a democratic community voluntarily to accept the burden of providing social capital in order to secure a happier and more prosperous future?

Bristol, 9. H. D. DICKINSON

SIR,—Will Miss Bacon put us still more in her debt by telling us whether it is also intended that there shall be no selective entrance examinations at 18 for admission to further education institutions? All Socialists (Mr. Morley as well as Miss Bacon) must agree that this is not only the logical conclusion of the new policy for secondary education, but a practical and political necessity if the State-provided education of the future is to seem to be as successful as that of today. Working-class parents will justly expect no less, and a plan, no doubt, is ready for making the universities comprehensive as well as multilateral. It has to be recognised, however, that this will take time to put into effect. Meanwhile, the Universities might well be allotted a quota of State-educated pupils, as is proposed at Dartmouth for 13-year-olds from State schools. W. A. CLAYDON

Maidstone Grammar School.

RACIAL EQUALITY

SIR,—Mr. Muspratt is indeed well on his way to enlightenment! He actually includes in the *same sentence*, divided only by commas, the " Coloured "—how exact is his use of the word?—the Eurasian—very polite!—the Asiatic—*comme il faut*, if the lips do not curl—and the European. All presumably are equal at least for the purpose of his letter, for they suffer from the same terrible and costly hardship in the search for their only recreation, hunting! Only the wretched African, whose average income Mr. Muspratt does not mention, is specially favoured in this respect. Does the African get the same pay in Rhodesia, if by some remote chance he is allowed to do the same job as the European?

What am I to infer from Mr. Muspratt's interpretation of history? Should I expect, at an early date, the raising of the barricades by the outraged and ruthlessly exploited Europeans in Rhodesia in the defence of their hunting rights against their dastardly, Black oppressors? And if a Chinese or African millionaire were to build railways, hotels and Post Offices in England and refused their use to Mr. Muspratt and the people who " think "—I must also be exact and use inverted commas—like him, would he be in complete agreement with that attitude? Or is he a simple man whose simple creed is that he who possesses the biggest cosh has the right to do as he likes?

RONALD MOODY

SIR,—Mr. Muspratt is out in his facts. In Northern Rhodesia, to which he refers, the only land which is permanently available for Natives only is Native Reserve Land. This, apart from the special case of Barotseland, is a relatively small part of the country. By far the greater part of the 90 per cent. of Native land to which Mr. Muspratt refers is Native Trust Land; and, here, since 1947, Europeans may go in and farm provided it is " for the benefit of the whole area "—the administration deciding. Actually, very few Europeans have done so, since there is little European pressure for land in Northern Rhodesia—or not yet. But the door is open—wide open.

Mr. Muspratt turns the term " alienated " on its head. Traditionally, it is used in British colonies and protectorates to designate land alienated *to* White settlers—subtracted, that is, from the land of the Natives. Mr. Muspratt speaks of land being alienated *to* Natives—showing a complete lack of knowledge of Northern Rhodesia's history and, of course, a complete lack of respect for Northern Rhodesia's protectorate status.

BASIL DAVIDSON

PLANT PEST CONTROL

SIR,—The farmer, vigneron, writer and chemist may like their work, but their main motive in working is to produce a profit on which they live. The farmer, vigneron and even writers use both the chemists' pesticides and the plant breeder's resistant varieties (which is also a business) because they increase their crops, profits and, in the process, human welfare. With a choice of methods, chemical or biological, they use that which gives the best ratio of profit to cost. In practice *Phylloxera* is controlled by biological methods and vine mildews as yet are not. For instance, last year French vineyards used 55,000 tons of sulphur, 60,000 of copper sulphate and substantial quantities of lead arsenate and DDT. Presumably the resistant hybrids are not yet accepted by the industry as suitable.

The Dordogne, to which Mr. Hyams refers, has in the main a low rate of yield per hectare and thus a subsistence agriculture. This means no surplus for the support of the arts, or the artisans of the cities. This may be a very happy state for the Dordognois, but is not a policy for Britain with 750 people to the square mile, all wanting a square meal.

High yields and high quality mean using fertilizers and overcoming pests in the most economic manner possible. Today our cereal fields produce eight times more per acre than they did in the Middle Ages, and no one is poisoned with bunt and ergot as they frequently were then. The progress in vine protection in 75 years is both biological and chemical; and the vastly improved spraying machinery which reduces the labourer's task, improves the control, increases the yield and lowers the price of wine. There is surely a place for all methods which increase the world's precarious supply of food.

Vine House, Yalding. GEORGE ORDISH

PROFESSOR BONNARD

SIR,—In March 1952 the Red Cross International Committee was asked by the State Department to investigate charges of germ warfare in Korea. Since the R.C.I.C. consists of Swiss nationals exclusively, it seemed fitting that a Swiss should examine their personal records, and that the result of his research

IVOR BROWN

writes on

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should then be made available to other nations. In June 1952, however, M. André Bonnard, Professor of Greek at the University of Lausanne, Chairman of the Swiss Peace Movement and a scholar of international repute, was stopped on a Swiss airfield, searched, and found in possession of documents which the Swiss authorities chose to consider incriminating. They were, in fact, notes concerning members of the R.C.I.C., which Professor Bonnard had compiled for the attention of the World Peace Council, and they were based, we understand, on published material (extracts from *Who's Who*, literature relating to the Swiss Stock Exchange, etc.) such as is available in any public library. It now appears that Professor Bonnard is to be charged with passing information to a foreign organisation and endangering the security of the State.

We do not have to decide here whether the R.C.I.C. was or was not qualified for its task. But it is difficult to contest Professor Bonnard's right to form an opinion on the matter, and we can understand the uneasiness felt by many people in Switzerland at what they regard as an attack on civil liberties. Above all, we feel bound to point out the grave precedent created by the hasty action of the Federal Public Prosecutor. It would be a serious threat to any objective research if the use of information which is by itself neither secret nor confidential could arbitrarily be made an offence because its diffusion happens not to suit the policy of a particular Power at a particular moment. No scientist, historian or journalist could contemplate such a threat without anxiety.

As for the assumption that any kind of communication to a non-national body—even if it is an *international* organisation—may be assimilated to espionage or treason, it would soon paralyse all cultural relations among nations and can only be viewed with dismay. We earnestly hope that the Swiss Authorities will not proceed with a case which comes perilously near to creating a " délit d'opinion."

J. D. Bernal — R. C. Knight
E. H. S. Burhop — Hyman Levy
Richard Doll — David B. Quinn
B. Farrington — George Thomson
A. H. Gordon — E. A. Thompson

MISS REBECCA WEST

Sir,—Miss Rebecca West, in the article over her name on the Rosenberg case, published in three successive issues of *France-Soir*, did not make any plea for clemency for the condemned couple. I enclose cuttings of the article so that you may verify this for yourself, and I assure you that I have carefully searched through eighteen editions of the paper, for the three days concerned, to see whether any changes were made in different editions. There were no changes. Miss West, it is true, did suggest that the Americans should either speed up their judicial system or abolish the death penalty as such—a move that would require legislative action and would have been impossible in the circumstances. This is very far indeed from expressing the opinion " quite clearly and without qualification," as Miss West put it in her letter in your issue of July 11, " that the Rosenbergs ought not to be executed and ought to be reprieved."

I must also point out that the two sentences (not " a paragraph ") quoted by Miss West from my letter in your issue of June 27 were taken out of context and thereby distorted. Although Miss West did not, in *France-Soir*, plead for clemency, I did not in fact reproach her on this score. As she will see if she re-reads my letter, I was writing of criticism of the court verdict, not of appeals for clemency which assumed the Rosenbergs' guilt. *France-Soir* published Miss West's article, with suitably friendly headlines (" The Truth about the Rosenberg Affair "). Later, the full facts of the case became known in France; and the management and staff of *France-Soir* joined in the protest by signing a petition and legal memorandum which argued brilliantly against the *conviction* of the Rosenbergs. This was in addition to the appeals for clemency which, as I stated, were secondary in France.

The inference your readers were bound to draw from Miss West's letter is that I had misrepresented her. This is founded on premises which are wrong on two separate counts. As a professional journalist, I could sustain considerable damage if this went unchallenged. I trust you will permit me this opportunity of correcting any false impression conveyed by Miss West's letter and by your editorial comment on it.

Paris. David Ross

GORDON HERICKX

Sir,—At the Kensington Art Gallery there is to be seen at the moment a striking group of works by a Birmingham sculptor, Gordon Herickx, whose name is probably unknown to most of your readers. Of all the genuine artists whom I have met, Herickx was the worst at publicity. For this, his first show in London, though he was a man in his fifties, he was browbeaten into approaching a few (too few) of " the nobs! " At the private view on Wednesday, July 8, he showed, as always, modesty as a man combined with pride as an artist; he not only thought his works good, but obviously loved and *enjoyed* them. Having been gay and excited at his preview, he returned to Birmingham that night and died the next day. How good he was as a sculptor I cannot assess, but I know that he had both original vision and craftsmanship.

This may be the last chance Londoners will have of seeing a group of his works. His output was small. When I first knew him he was working full time as a stonemason, which left him only the evenings for his own work—and only the summer evenings, since he was too tired in the winter. It took him the whole summer of 1935 to carve the " Cyclamen," which is on view at Kensington. This work seems to me to have all the virtues of abstract art while still bearing a relation to cyclamens. And his other quasi-abstractions, while sometimes superficially reminiscent of his contemporaries, remain incomparably sensuous. So with his more naturalistic heads; his " Adam " makes the best of both worlds, is at once austere and romantic.

His danger, I think, was sentimentality—but that, as in poetry, is a risk worth running. Unlike many modernists, he loved to " finish " his work, and when this finish meant polish (compare his head of a dreamer in Horton stone with the more sentimental heads in Hoptonwood) it sometimes seems a liability. Still it was a good fault—or at any rate a healthy reaction against much fashionable idleness. Herickx was no doctrinaire, but he did have his likes and dislikes. He disliked the modern emphasis on heaviness: " Don't let the stone bully you! " And he disliked the " puritanism " of much contemporary sculpture. For him stone was voluptuous. In an age of false ascetics and thin-lipped dogma, Herickx will leave a gap. Louis MacNeice

EGLANTINE

Sir,—Your correspondent Daphne Woodward is correct in supposing that, following Milton and the only countrywoman I ever heard using the word, I took the eglantine mentioned by Mme Sorel to mean honeysuckle, and judged that the thorns were merely symbolic. But if wild rose is the correct translation, the anecdote ceases to be " unusually credible," as Heine (*Rosebud in the Heather*) or Brer Rabbit would agree. Cécile tells us that " He [D'Annunzio] broke a branch of eglantine, twisted it into a crown of thorns round his brow and gave it to me . . . He had wound the crown of eglantine so passionately round his brow that drops of sweat sprang on his temples. And the flowers I held then, deeply moved, against my heart, pierced me too with all their thorns." As D'Annunzio was almost bald and Cécile was in full evening dress, these rather blasphemous antics with a branch of briar would have left them both badly scratched, smeared with blood, and in considerable pain. It is most improbable that two comfort-loving egoists would get themselves into such a plight for no reason at all, and I therefore conclude that either the thorns were bogus or the anecdote.

Letitia Fairfield

"THE CRISIS OF BRITAIN"

Sir,—I must apologise that in my letter in your issue of July 18 I made an error of transcription, when I gave the wages of 36,142 African workers in the Nigerian tin mines as £36,142. The figure should be £329,000.

R. Palme Dutt

Books in General

THE decanonisation of Dickens has been going on for almost a generation now and we hope it will lead to a clearer view of his confusing genius. At the moment journalist, actor, public figure and artist are so mixed in his life that it is hard to know how to grasp him. Matters were simpler when he could be regarded as the semi-holy Victorian medicine man. A severe blow fell upon the household god in 1934 when Thomas Wright revealed in a newspaper article and in a subsequent biography that, at the time of the separation from Mrs. Dickens, the novelist was beginning a love affair with a young actress called Ellen Ternan; and worse followed, in 1939, when Miss Gladys Storey published *Dickens and Daughter*. This recorded the facts of the love affair from the lips of Kate Perugini, the daughter of Dickens. The supporters of the household god reacted with violence. Scholars were accused of everything from muck-raking to dishonesty, and in the person of Professor Nisbet, who is on the editorial board which is now producing a definitive edition of Dickens's letters, they make an indignant reply. Miss Nisbet has discovered new facts about the Ellen Ternan affair in unpublished letters, and a diary with a private code that reveals that Dickens was in correspondence with the young girl while he was in America. There can be no doubt about a close relationship with Ellen Ternan; and varying accounts of it will be found in all biographies after 1939, and most notably in Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's *Life*. Some last-ditch Dickensians still cling to Dickens's passionately virtuous declaimer that the affair was merely the platonic interest of a man of 45 for a pretty girl of 18, but Dickens's statements at this time —see especially the notorious public letter giving the reasons for the separation from his wife—are theatrical. He had become a showman in his relation to the public and had reached a state of mind close to megalomania.

It has been proved that Dickens set up an establishment for Miss Ternan and her mother and, according to Wright, she made a "confession" of the affair to one, Canon Benham, whom Wright interviewed. This confession was made after Dickens's death, when she had married a clergyman. London gossip at the time believed Miss Ternan was Dickens's mistress. She could, of course, have been lying out of vanity, and Dickens's daughter—who witnessed the marital scenes at the time of the break-up—could have been deceived; but then, as Mr. Edmund Wilson says in his introduction to this short book,* Dickens could be an even stranger case than one had thought. But, in fact, the evidence is irresistible. Miss Nisbet's addition to it is a very peculiar letter from Dickens to W. H. Wills, a sub-editor of *Household Words*, asking him to inquire why a policeman has apparently been put to watch No. 31 Berners Street—where Ellen Ternan and her sister had been temporarily established; and a number of requests made to Wills, who was used as Dickens's cover for letters to Miss Ternan. These requests had been carefully inked out by some hand, and their text has been revealed by infra-red photography. They are trite enough, but they contain code messages to which the key has been discovered. The elisions indicate how strong the desire to preserve the secret was—in the interests of Mrs. Dickens, the family and everyone's reputation.

The conventional phrases for describing an illicit love affair are to say that it is due to an "infatuation," that it is "sordid," an "intrigue," ends in "disgust or remorse" and the moral destruction of character. A pretty girl of 18 is either "flattered," "mercenary," or both, if she falls in love with a middle-aged man; in Miss Ternan's case she was possibly egged on by a "designing" mother. These phrases are judgments, they do not describe what happened, for about that we know very little. We know that Dickens said he was "madly" in love and Miss Ternan appears reluctant. It is suspected that Dickens was as quickly disillusioned with her as he had been with Mrs. Dickens. We know, too, that the situation of Mrs. Dickens was tragic; apart from anything else, she had been dominated utterly by her husband, was hardly allowed to speak, and played second fiddle in her home to her own sister, Georgina. The behaviour of Georgina as a go-between looks very odd indeed. Yet, if the Ternan affair was an "infatuation," there is strong reason to believe it went on for 12 years, which is a long time for such a state to continue. It is wiser to drop all these morally tendentious words and to find out what was felt: a self-willed man is in love with a rather cool, prim, frightened, kittenish, unimaginative girl who is likely to exploit the power her youth gives over him. Acting must have been a strong bond between them, but it would be rash even to say that Miss Ternan turned Dickens into a full-time actor who gave more time to the public readings that destroyed him than to his novels. The small glimpses one has suggest pathos and frustration.

What Dickens expected from the Ternan affair was the reward of a plunge into chaos and that possibility of rebirth which is desired so strongly in middle life. It is idle to moralise about this; we can only say that the gratification and the suffering did add something to Dickens's genius. Some biographers have shaken their pious heads and have pointed to the fact that, in his last phase, Dickens ran amok to self-destruction. The power of fantasy declined, the tendency to melodrama increased, the imagination deteriorated under the force of its hysterical ambition. With *Great Expectations*, *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood* there is certainly a great change in Dickens. He has become sombre. There is fantasy in *Edwin Drood*, but the book is more remarkable for its grave realism. The countryside, the towns, the inns he now describes are what we see, not the earlier Gothic grotesque and day-dream. Above all, the women are different. For the first time—and this is the importance of Ellen Ternan, as many critics have noted—Dickens portrays real women, many-sided, capable of complication and conflict. Hitherto he could describe only two kinds of women: incredible and insipid angels, dream creatures in one dimension, who are hardly more than idealised children. They are projections of wishes: the child-wife, the ministering angel, the sacrificed mother or sister, quite sexless and non-human. One can see why a priggish, self-centred, self-pitying boy like David Copperfield should have invented these fantasies, even if the wishes of early Victorian society had not confirmed them.

Against these wraiths must be put the gallery of female gargoyles: gloomy and masterful wives, silly spinsters with absurd mannerisms, cats like the Pecksniff girls, a host of sluts, drudges, tearful sniffers, pert little kittens, termagants, fools and hysterics. They are women whose sex is made ridiculous and whose capacity to feel is ignored. They are elders seen by a boy who has had his ears boxed and —we may suppose from the portraits of Mrs. Micawber or Mrs. Nickleby—who had not been able to respect his mother and who regarded the whole sex with juvenile apprehension and contempt. In one sense the brilliant and beautiful boy must have known himself to be their rival. They excited his egoism, but adult love—since he hardly knew what it was—was a sickly sweet wine that soon turned to vinegar. With the possible exception of *David Copperfield*, no early novel contains a love scene that convinces us; such scenes are mere dreams of love. He is quicker to perceive deception and disillusion than the growth of passion or affection. Either the man or the woman in any couple, exploits the emotions of their partner. Mrs. Wilfer will always whine that she could have done better than marry Mr. Wilfer. One of her daughters is about to continue the family tradition. Feeling little himself, Dickens finds the feelings of others ridiculous. He even makes fun of childbirth.

Yet these female grotesques, like all his grotesques, are the highest manifestations of his genius. Caricatures there may be among them and some are built up out of mere mannerism, but as a solitary himself, Dickens detected the solitariness of others, the kind of solitariness which is created by the pressure of society. He observed that people work out a certain habit of being themselves and live by the very absurdity of their opinion. These grotesques are as hard as he is. Their mannerisms are weapons of self-preservation and in Dickens's laughter we recognise our own self-protection. The comic gift is an inverted poetry, an attempt to deal with the deceits of the heart.

When we say that the affair with Ellen Ternan was tragic we mean that it brought to Dickens the tragedy of growing up and doing so too late, in middle life. In *Great Expectations*, in *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood*, we see women who are for the first time real and autonomous. Estella Provis, Bella Wilfer, Rosa Budd, Helen Landless, are not kittens or angels, but girls capable of doubt, introspection, and conflict. Their dilemmas are to be taken seriously. It is true that Dickens sets out to put them in their places: Estella must be humbled, Bella Wilfer must be taught that money is not everything, Rosa Budd must grow up. We can guess Dickens is trying to train Ellen Ternan in these portraits, but in doing so he has been made aware of climates of feeling hitherto unknown to him. In Estella he will know coldness,

* *Dickens and Ellen Ternan*. By ADA NISBET. *University of California Press: Cambridge*. 21s.

petulance, pride: Pip could not master her. And when Rosa Budd is disturbed by the gaze of her music teacher, she has been terrified by the first intimation that passion can be uncontrollable, humiliating and compulsive. Up till now passion has meant merely theatre to Dickens; there are signs that he is observing passion and experiencing it for the first time.

What predisposed Dickens to fall in love with Ellen Ternan? Boredom? Intellectual exhaustion? The common crisis of middle life with its terrible dread that the heart is dead? The example of the Bohemianism of Wilkie Collins or Victor Hugo's passion for a young girl? Whatever it was, once he had started the affair, it blew the myth of the happy Victorian hearth sky-high, and Dickens was the creator of the myth. We know how important money and appearances were to him; and we see him involved in a dramatic attempt to revise his life and yet preserve the money and the appearances. The money was in the myth. His daughter said that at the time he behaved like a madman, and he certainly regarded no one's feelings but his own and saw himself as above ordinary restraints; yet what was madder than his domestic ideal of the submissive, foolish, child-bearing woman, married to the husband whose work, in an expansive age, had violently unbalanced his life? The hardness of Dickens was no less ferocious than the hardness of its iron-masters and empire-builders.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ON SUSPECTED DRY ROT IN THE ROOF OF A PARISH CHURCH

It might have been a sandstorm built it—lish
Lifting and spiralling of wind that drew
The rusty iron filings of the desert
High in magnetic air;
It might have been the red siroco blew
Those arches there.

This whirlwind stratified mid in its whirl,
This mirage you can break your ankles on,
This dried-blood delta of permian denudation,
Proud paleozoic
Corpse of a desert mummified into stone,
Hierarchic and heroic,

This act, this accident, this church—has felt
No change of climate, known no count of clock.
The quarry sleeps with its great mouth open, drooling
Daisies, senile with slime,
Emptied of centuries as well as rock,
Emptied of time.

But upward, look at the roof! When the heavy sun
Pulls the tide of light west of the swell, free
Of the prayer-sodden, green-mould angels on the blind aisle,
See the gray in the grain.
Someone's left the cold tap dripping in the belfry—
Look at the stain!

Fungus probes deeper than the wind that blows
Over these vertical dunes. Life, rotting on the bare
Detritus of a dead star, blossoms as the microbe,
Corrupting beam and band;
Spirit and spore under bright infected air
Plant gardens in sand.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

GERMANY RESHAPED

The Return of Germany. By NORBERT MUHLEN. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

The attempt to mould Germany in the pattern of her conquerors has inevitably failed. If the experiment in totalitarianism in East Germany has fallen shorter of its aims than the experiment in democracy in the West, is that because it has provided less material well-being, personal dignity or spiritual regeneration, as Mr. Muhlen claims, or is it because it has been imposed by an alien power, whose conquering army left a memory of rape and brutality which is not easily forgotten, and whose economic policy has been one of ruthless exploitation?

The author of this book, a German-born American, belongs to that group of anti-Communist liberals who believe that American wartime policy, and particularly the Morgenthau Plan, was entirely the creation of concealed Communists in the State Department and the Treasury; and that emotional fear and dislike of Germany is today the result of Communist propaganda, as if Lord Vansittart and his Conservative friends had never existed. He is, however, a very intelligent and conscientious observer and the chapters in which he describes the psychology of the typical German social and political attitude, and the effects of the years of Nazism, of war and of post-war disruption, present a horribly clear picture of the present state of mind of the ordinary German citizen, even if they provide no outline of the future of German political development. Inevitably, the descriptions of life in Western Germany have a quality of depth, and of penetration of subjective attitudes, which is completely lacking from those of the East; which consist largely of repetitions of the dreary story of the Russian-sponsored Communist machinery, of political pressure and "education."

The fundamental attitude underlying German politics to-day, as Mr. Muhlen points out, is older than the German State itself. It is that of non-responsibility for the course of public events about which, like the weather, nothing could be done. The State was a superior entity, high above its individual citizens; and its policy and administration were the affairs of the appropriate authorities: the *Obrigkeiten*. The ordinary, private citizen only wanted to be left alone and, provided the authorities did not interfere too much with his privacy, they could do what they liked. From this point of view the first years of the Nazi regime were, for the majority of Germans, rather normal and peaceful, and only the increasing totalitarian claims made by the Nazi rulers on every German made them critical. The war itself was a catastrophe for which all Governments were responsible and not something inherent in Nazi philosophy. It is this attitude, with its resultant ambivalence towards Nazism in retrospect, which underlies the apathy towards the executed participants in the July 20th plot. Probably most Germans were more sympathetic to the Jews who, *unpolitische* Germans themselves, were victimised, or to the Civil Servants who were removed from office after the war because they had been Nazi Party members but who, as servants of the State, were above politics.

It was unfortunate that after the war emphasis was placed by so many on the "guilt" of the Germans for Nazi atrocities; in refuting which the great mass of non-political Germans were able to confuse the question with that of their real civic responsibilities. To have accepted responsibility for the appalling acts of their Government would have required great moral courage; but the refutation of collective guilt easily gave way to the claim to collective innocence. As a result, facts about the German past, which should have been discerned and rejected, have been obliterated in the German mind, with dangerous psychological consequences for the future.

The establishment of the Federal Government and Parliament at Bonn, has, if anything, reinforced the feeling of separation of the ordinary citizen from the responsibilities of citizenship. The new capital is remote geographically as well as socially from the centre of West German life. The West German Republic has restored many of the features of a nineteenth-century authoritarian State based on a non-political citizenry, whose constitutional rights would be defended by the bureaucracy: the *Beamten*. As long as the State guaranteed the privacy of its citizens it could do what it liked. It is this attitude which has enabled Dr. Adenauer to carry out a largely personal policy; a policy which he is convinced is for his people's welfare even if it is not in accord with their will. This policy of participation, by a part only of Germany, in an integrated Western Europe, is Catholic in conception and against the grain of German nationalism. Nationalism, in its aggressive form, arose out of the insecurity which Germany felt on her unification in 1871, reinforced by a profound realisation of that political incapacity which had kept Germany divided for so long and which recent history has intensified. This incapacity was itself due to the lack of communal sense and even of genuine patriotism, of the unpolitical majority of her people. For the time being nationalism has given way to neutralism; a negative philosophy which would allow its followers easily to submit to a successful dictator, if he appeared likely to be able to restore to Germany her unity and her greatness.

It is impossible to deny Mr. Muhlen's thesis that, to win Germany as an ally for the West, America must not interfere in the way Germans conduct their internal affairs; the day when this was seriously possible is, in any case, past. More doubtful is the belief expressed on his last page, and which is hardly supported by the rest of the book, that those who are rebelling against the Russians in the East are doing so "to strengthen the democratic idea." Germany will one day be united; Germany will one day be free; but it is not within the power of any other nation to determine that Germany shall be a democracy.

AUSTEN ALBU

THE SCHOLARS AND THE BARD

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. 4 vols. *Nonesuch Press.* £7 7*s.*

The original Nonesuch Shakespeare, published twenty years ago, cost £25 7*s* 6*d* and was confined to an edition of 1,600 sets. Equally beautiful to contemplate, the present "unlimited" reissue is less awkwardly sumptuous to possess, and intending purchasers can be assured that a volume may be produced without self-consciousness in quite unassuming places—a public conveyance, for example, or the gallery of the Old Vic. To most of us seven guineas is of course itself a lot of money. I think that this makes Sir Francis Meynell's bold undertaking the more decidedly a compliment to the new age. The appeal of the old Nonesuch books was, in part at least, to a mere sense of proprietorship. Here, it is wholly to good taste and alert intelligence. The first of these assertions can be verified only by taking the finely bred volumes in the hands and remarking the unobtrusive perfection which here crowns Sir Francis's long devotion to his craft. The second may be supported in a brief consideration of the editorial problem in Shakespeare.

Of the thirty-six plays printed by Shakespeare's friends Heminge and Condell in the First Folio of 1623 eighteen (or perhaps twenty—for this is a field in which unqualified statements are always challengeable) had already appeared separately in quarto form. Some of the quarto issues must have been authorised by the players, and these provide us with good texts; indeed it is currently supposed that in certain instances the compositors worked from Shakespeare's own manuscript. Other of the quarto issues were surreptitious, and a few transmit plays in so degraded a form that they were for long supposed to represent crude old dramas not yet touched by Shakespeare. The printers of the Folio appear to have worked sometimes from manuscript, whether Shakespeare's or a playhouse scrivener's, and sometimes from existing quartos—the latter seemingly checked to some extent

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against manuscript material. Scholars may one day find a body of agreed solutions to the innumerable intricate textual conundrums which this state of affairs has bequeathed to them. They have not done so yet however, and Shakespeare edited for the general reader by one of them may be surprisingly unlike Shakespeare so edited by another. But it is apparent that the first editors of all—to wit Heminge and Condell—did a reasonably careful job, and that both for the canon and the text of Shakespeare's work their "unvalued book" must always be the prime authority.

It is the distinction of the late Herbert Farjeon that in planning the Nonesuch Shakespeare he was the first to see clearly what, in the light of these facts, the critical reader of Shakespeare is likely, upon some acquaintance, to find most satisfactory. With the exception of *Pericles* and the non-dramatic poetry, which did not appear in the Folio, we are given the Folio text *verbatim* and virtually *litteratim*. The margin supplies in roman type all significant quarto variants and in italic type Farjeon's own choice among conjectural emendations in those places in which no sense can be extracted from an original text. When quarto variants are too substantial to be recorded in the margin they are given in an appendix at the end of the play; six "bad" quartos, the texts of which differ widely from the Folio, are printed entire; *Pericles* and the poems are printed from the original quartos or octavos; and three "doubtful" plays are included: *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *King Edward III* from the original quartos, and *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore* from the text of Sir Walter Greg. There is no commentary.

What we are thus given is, in effect, a "go it alone" Shakespeare. The reader is his own editor; and his radical materials, at least, are always clearly and elegantly before him on the page. It is of course pleasant to experience the "flavour" of old spelling and the like. But the real justification of reproducing original texts lies in the intellectual vigilance which they coax into activity. Of the rewards of "going it alone" a single instance may be given.

In the second act of *Love's Labour's Lost* Rosaline gives some account of the young man who is presently to become her suitor. This is what the old Cambridge editors make her say:

> Another of these students at that time
> Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
> Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal.

If we turn to the new Cambridge editor, Dr. Dover Wilson, we find:

> Another of these students at that time
> Was there with him, if I have heard a truth—
> Berowne they call him—but a merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal.

If we now try going back to the Folio we get:

> Another of these Students at that time,
> Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
> *Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an houres talke withall.

The earlier editors have monkeyed fatally with the young man's name and the later editor has monkeyed fatally with the punctuation. For Rosaline is making a pun. "*Although* his name is Berowne he is *nevertheless* merry." We shall tumble to this if, with the old text before us, we use first our eyes and then enough wit to reflect upon the nature of a brown study or enough memory to recall that Sir Andrew Aguecheek would as lief be a Brownist as a politician. But this pun Shakespeare's professional editors have all missed and nearly all obliterated; it was first observed by a common reader, using (as it happens) the original Nonesuch Shakespeare in an Australian library some years ago. This is a small instance. For a classical example of the manner in which editors can bury Shakespeare in a big way the curious may consult an essay by Miss Laura Riding and Mr. Robert Graves reprinted in *The Common Asphodel*. We must not decry professional scholarship, for clearly we cannot have Shakespeare edited too fully or too learnedly. But for our everyday communion with him the Nonesuch Press has provided what is at once the most stimulating and the most comely of all editions. Most appropriately, the reissue includes a new preface by a distinguished amateur of Shakespeare, Mr. Ivor Brown.

J. I. M. STEWART

Stones and Stocks

THE impact of geology on our lives is greater than we think. Architecture, archaeology, natural history, agriculture and even fishing—all owe much to the shape and pattern of our land. ***Terence Miller,*** Cambridge Geology Lecturer, in **GEOLOGY AND SCENERY IN BRITAIN** (18*s.*) has not only shown its fascinating ramifications; he has written a general guide which the lay reader will find increasingly engrossing as he becomes absorbed in the Cretaceous system, the Upper Palaeozoic heights, the pre-Carboniferous floor—assisted by 85 photographs and diagrams.

From stone to wood—and wood contrived into its finest and most delicate form in our history—into Georgian furniture. The late ***Margaret Jourdain*** was acknowledged as a leading authority on English decorative art. Her invaluable work **ENGLISH FURNITURE: THE GEORGIAN PERIOD** (1750-1830) (63*s.*) has been completed by **Mr. F. Rose,** a senior member of Sotheby's. This handsome quarto volume is indispensable to collectors, both for its definitive text and for its wealth of illustrations. Many of the pieces shown in the 172 photographs have never before been illustrated.

BATSFORD

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

The Tools of Social Science. By JOHN MADGE. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Social science, like other sciences, has developed in response to social needs. With a heightened sensitivity to social problems, the need for information, upon which policy can be based, presents itself. This means that the range of topics which constitute the field of social research is enormous: delinquency, the family, social class and social mobility, how people live in new housing estates and how they get on with one another in the factory or mine—the list is endless.

There is as yet no accepted theoretical framework of social interaction from which deductions can be made and tested. The result is that observations, inquiries, and such experiments as are possible are disconnected and seldom related to one another from a theoretical point of view. Attempts are made by such persons as Talcott Parsons, Merton and Homans to frame theoretical schemes, but there is very little connection between such schemes and the activities of workers in the field.

Where there has been a certain amount of general advance—advance, that is to say, on the whole social scientific front—is in the critical development of techniques. It is these that form the subject matter of Mr. Madge's book. He begins by discussing the problems of language and logic, giving, perhaps, somewhat too much weight to the inductive approach of Mill and too little to the hypothetico-deductive formulations of Popper and Wisdom. He then turns to the really important part of the book. Here he considers the value of personal documents, the various forms of observation and the techniques of interviewing, from the attempt to plumb the depths to the skimming of the surface by mass-questionnaire methods. Finally he discusses the part played by, and the nature of, experimentation in social research.

Throughout he emphasises the difficulties, and they are, indeed, formidable. The observer is biased; he influences what he observes; the number of variables cannot be calculated; the subject-matter of social investigation never "stays put" for five minutes at a time, and so on. This stress on difficulties is, no doubt, all to the good; the social scientist should be aware of the inevitable tentativeness of his conclusions and the narrowness of their scope. The general mood of the book is, however, a little off-putting. It certainly ought to be put into the hands of those "natural" scientists, who never stop pontificating about society, but it would be a pity, and I am sure Mr. Madge would agree, if it damped the ardour of the social scientist himself. It is rather intended to focus his ambitions on to the attainable, modest though it may be. The difficulties, of course, are more pronounced when the topic of the inquiry involves the intimate probing of attitudes of which their holder may, perhaps, be scarcely aware. It is here, no doubt, that "observation and fact-collecting cannot take place without permanently influencing those who are being studied." Mr. Madge gives the impression that this is always the case, but certainly a great deal of social research is not of this intimate nature. It is not easy to see how the recent work on social mobility can have "permanently influenced" the persons who were interviewed, though it is true that the Glacier Metal inquiry was intended to have permanent results.

The great merit of Mr. Madge's book lies in its practical usefulness. The snags are described, but methods of overcoming them are described as well, and anyone embarking on a piece of social research will profit from an inspection of Mr. Madge's account of the tools available for carrying it out. And they need not be dejected:

> In this tormented world the clarifications of which our social science is capable should surely be thrown productively into the scales. Meagre as the contribution still may be, it is potentially great and without doubt is increasing both in effectiveness and in acceptability.

W. J. H. SPROTT

SO FAR SO GOOD

The Oliviers. By FELIX BARKER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Florence Desmond. By HERSELF. *Harrap.* 16*s.*

Conquest. By FRANCES FLEETWOOD. *W. H. Allen.* 21*s.*

Chronicle of a Life. By SIEGFRIED TREBITSCH. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

It has become fashionable for actors and actresses to pause in mid-career and, in book form, to cast an eye back down the slopes up which they have struggled to their present pinnacles. Pinnacles are jolly enough in their way, with plenty of sunshine and nothing to block the view, but they have one unhappy feature: all paths lead downwards.

The Oliviers is a remarkable book about remarkable people. It is also astonishingly cheaply priced, for it is long and highly detailed and it contains over seventy photographs of immense variety and excellence (including a four-year-old Vivien Leigh as a chubby Bo-Peep). Nobody who cares for the theatre can afford, or need afford, to be without it.

Has there ever been a theatrical couple with the combined talents and looks of the Oliviers? Fifty years ago the London stage was crowded with happy pairs acting separately or together, and the notices are there to tell us how good they were. The photographs are there too, and even allowing for the hazards of the early head-in-a-bag

and Look-Pleasant-Please photographic art, they give an impression of staid solidity. I am not suggesting that this handsome couple is shown to us leering out of a circus hoop, but they have a most unusual combination of vitality and charm, two attributes not always connected with beauty.

Felix Barker does full justice to his dazzling subject. We know already, and to our advantage, much of the careers of the Oliviers, but here the private lives are placed before us with tact. As so often, it is the youthful years that interest us most. In Sir Laurence's case they involved frequent changes of parish with a clergyman father who was dramatic in the pulpit (one wishes there were more of them). There was a home-made theatre and, at a choir school, he had the nerve-racking experience of appearing as Brutus before Ellen Terry:

> She had a special embrace for the somewhat embarrassed Laurence whom she startled by asking: "Oh, don't you love it—don't you love the words?" Before he could answer she had switched to a more matter-of-fact tone of voice and requested him to help her down the steps. "I've got me best boots on," she confided.

Miss Leigh was *née* Vivian Hartley (an agent suggested that she call herself April Morn) and began life in India. She appears to have been something of a pickle. Cast as a lion in a biblical scene in the home, she sank her teeth realistically into the leg of Daniel (Mrs. Hartley), and, from her convent school, wrote merrily home: "The Reverend Mother is a . . .," followed by a small sketch. It is engaging to think of her playing the 'cello in the school orchestra, appearing as Fairy Mustardseed, and going sixteen times to see George Robey in *Round in Fifty*. This excellent book cannot be too highly recommended.

In *Florence Desmond*, the subject writes her own life story, and very delightfully, too. For her, life began in Islington, with a mother who, badly stage-struck after playing an angel in Little Eva's death scene, had been firmly locked in her bedroom to prevent her making off with the buskers, and with a bootmaking father who taught his daughter step-dancing. Miss Desmond danced to the barrel-organ outside the Arundel Arms, listened to the pub fights that followed the singing of *Nellie Dean*, took holidays at Margate, and received piano lessons from a Miss Lizzie Colchester ("A small, birdlike woman with a purple face. . . I was impressed to the point of reverence by the fact that Miss Colchester had a maid, wearing a black dress complete with cap and apron").

Anybody acquainted with the pretentious unreality of some of our public favourites' recollections of their lives will welcome Miss Desmond. She tells the truth. Here is no genteel hint at blue blood getting along courageously in straitened circumstances. She began the hard way (her first ambition had been to become a programme-seller), touring in twice-nightly revues, playing Boy Babe in pantomime at Wimbledon, and then being chosen for the original Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. Her further triumphs we know, and some of her talents we have known too (she is the cleverest imitator since the acid and supreme Elizabeth Pollock), but she has hitherto concealed her sound ability as a writer. Her book is lively in the extreme and full of pleasing moments: Massine shouting desperately, "Miss Desmond, you are not symmetrical"; teaching herself to speak properly ("I saw a yacht over yonder yesterday"); receiving a friendly note from Archie Selwyn, an American impresario, beginning: "Desmond, you bastard, if you would care to behave yourself . . ."; finding Miss Bankhead one Christmas morning with a budgerigar perched happily upon her head.

Conquest is both a history of the Conquest family and an account of the minor London theatres of the nineteenth century, in particular the (old) Garrick, the Grecian and the Surrey. Some of the play titles hint at the spirited goings-on: *Spitz-Spitze the Spider Crab, Venus with a Tippet on, The Tiled Grisette, Married Bachelors* (a farce, apparently), *The Maniac Lover, Obliging a Friend, Eric the Phantom*, and *Playing at Loo-Loo*. In 1877, in *Harlequin Magic Umbrella*, George Conquest appeared as a water-sprite imprisoned in a roly-poly pudding, following it the next year with *The Fiend of the Fungus Forest*, in which he played a porcupine, complete with 2,500 working parts, doubling this role with that of a vampire bat. Other attractions included his niece, Cissie Farrell, in a piece called *Driven from Home*, in which Walter Hatherleigh is rescued by a half-witted outcast from a circular-saw, Madame Celeste miming her way through *The Watch-dog of the Walsinghams*, and a five-hour play, appropriately called *For Ever*, which featured George Conquest as a Man-Monkey in an astonishing *bouillabaisse* of murder, mauling by lions, slow poisoning, an asylum escape, a jar filled with entrails, secret panels and throat-cutting, with the final act conveniently near a pond, into which Phyllis falls and is dragged out by Jasper Daremount. For readers who enjoy the rich and rewarding by-paths of the Victorian theatre, this is the very thing. It is agreeably written and pleasantly stimulating throughout.

Chronicle of a Life is a long and fairly interesting account of the life of the man who introduced Shaw to the German-speaking world. Herr Trebitsch founded the International P.E.N. Club and his distinguished career as author and translator provides references to Rilke, Schnitzler, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Reinhardt, Freud, Mann and many others. A sober, worthy book which would have been greatly improved by cutting, and by a lower price.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

POETIC 3-D?

The Garden to the Sea. By PHILIP TOYNBEE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"What *is* it?" seems more than usually difficult to answer about *The Garden to the Sea*. Scrambled novel, poetic monologue, autobiographical figment? All apply, or don't quite. But what says Blurb? "Philip Toynbee's new book"—ah, book—"retells the myth of the expulsion from Eden in the contemporary terms of a man whose wife has left him. It is thus a study of personal disintegration and partial recovery, and attempts to express in individual terms the common plight of a generation . . ." Sign-post, at any rate, in somewhat confusing country.

The hero, then, or speaker, Adam, "waking in hospital, inquires about his past, and is answered by his own voices from the past." These are three: Noel (his Innocence), Tom (his Fall), and Charley (his Punishment). Noel has been happily married, Tom has gone off to the War and shot down a Hun and not written, Charley is the dirty dog who has come back, bragged, binged, got into rows, and blown the marriage sky-high. They converse, or rather soliloquise together, with Adam leading; one by one, as their primacy dwindles, they drop out, until only Adam and Charley, the high and the low, are left talking, and finally Adam, more or less himself. His or their story—as it comes out in fragments, is returned to, and twisted this way and that—concerns the one situation of an idyllic marriage broken. There's been a terrible row, with walkings-out on both sides and patchings, a lover, pretended suicide, blows, his case expounded at length and hers through him, till it's all incredibly over, but in the mind going on and on.

These are the bare bones, and it's as well to know them before starting. I had to read *The Garden to the Sea* a second time to rid myself of the mere distraction of finding my way. The first time plunged me into such a whirl as one might meet in a Dylan Thomas poem beginning "I am Adam"; but the poem would be short and intense, whereas Mr. Toynbee, though finely emphatic, is long. What he does succeed in is giving to a tale of passionate disagreement impassioned speech. The question is whether he has not sacrificed too much in the way of clarity, character, detail and "story" to that end, and whether his prose-poetry is sufficient reward.

It seems to me—but I may be wrong—that he strains after effects. His correlation of a

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wrecked marriage with the Fall, and of self-vindication with the common lot, assumes significance. Tiresias at the keyhole, Ulysses in the pub, Tristan and Isolde smoking in the garden: in the hands of Eliot, Joyce, Cocteau, they may enchant, though already with Cocteau the oddity, the amusingness of it, begins to pall. For the lesser writer it offers a convenient 3-D. Mr. Toynbee's lost innocence and seaside garden have the requisite vista of snakes, apple-trees, fig-leaves, and the divine presence, and Spitfires and match-ends duly jump in our laps. But hasn't it been, partly, a trick? Doesn't the conjuror—to switch metaphors—use his patter to distract from the sleight of hand? Are the legend-delving and the special pleading one? I only ask this final question, because the strongest impact of the book seems uneasily autobiographical. A case is argued, for him, for her, but never *by* her. We yearn for distance, for impartiality. If a story is to be tortured *The Ring and the Book* seems to have found the method, and also the approach: from outside in.

For me, therefore, *The Garden to the Sea* remains experimental, interesting: a poem-novel or psychological incantation which everyone with a grain of curiosity should read. Whatever its faults or derivations (echoes of Eliot and Auden), it lifts the commonplaces of the novel high out of their usual clutter. This is the voice of Innocence:

> Love is dearest of all when one of the two lies sleeping. She seems so far away that the other, watching her, can play with fear.
>
> And now I watch her sleeping face, stippled by the shade of the flex. Leaf by leaf I cover it, until the light leaves shudder on her mouth.
>
> We live between bells to north and south. Inward and to leeward of this house the church bells sing against the wind, or, when the wind drops they boom beside us in the still air of the garden. To windward the bell-buoy chimes from the point, and sadness rings at us from the sea in that cry of iron and water.
>
> This evening, standing among the hollyhocks, I hear these bells together for the first time. Grateful Christian bells and the sad, wet clang of the bell-buoy.
>
> Now the hollyhocks have hidden her from my eyes.

G. W. STONIER

Next Monday

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

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BRAIN WAVES

The Living Brain. By W. GREY WALTER. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

"The machines that flash and click in our laboratories now", writes Dr. Walter, "are the first forms of the living brain's extended life, the rudiments of racial understanding, as Gutenberg's first printing presses were the forerunners of the Reformation." Dr. Walter is, in fact, one of those for whom *the* key to the understanding of brain function is to be found in the comparison of the brain with electrical apparatus and the use of such apparatus for detecting changes in nervous tissue. Analogical thinking of this sort has frequently been most fruitful, and the comparison of the body with man-made machines has led to much of the growth of physiology in modern times. This growth, however, at first did not contribute much to our understanding of the brain, and knowledge of the working of the most complex part of the nervous system—the cerebral cortex and associated structures—is only now beginning to catch up.

The latest advances come from the use of a variety of techniques. Micro-anatomical studies give evidence that the thousands of millions of cortical cells are organised in—apparently—complex self-exciting circuits (note the electrical analogy); more remarkable, some seem to be arranged in just the patterns which would be expected if they worked in the same manner as certain of the latest electronic machines. Studies of the behaviour, especially the memories and learning abilities, of animals with brains injured by operation, have shown that, probably, the whole of the cerebral cortex plays some part in every item of learning: particular memories cannot be simply localised in particular areas. The detailed structural arrangements responsible for this absence of localisation have been partly revealed by recording the electrical changes which take place when small groups of nerve cells are stimulated. Finally we have the now celebrated technique of the electro-encephalogram, or EEG, which allows us to analyse the rhythmical changes of electrical potential which are continually occurring in the cortex.

A book entitled *The Living Brain* might be expected to cover all this, and much more, but unfortunately Dr. Walter confines himself, as far as the brain itself is concerned, almost entirely to the EEG. There is an introductory chapter, largely on evolution, which contains some biological howlers; and there is a good deal of general discussion or comment which will no doubt command general disagreement. But the backbone of the book is the account of electrical rhythms, their variety, their changes in disease and their possible uses to the physiologist and psychologist.

The most notable feature of the EEG is that it makes possible the study of brain function in the intact, undrugged, wholly normal organism. The rhythms can be readily picked up by electrodes on the scalp, and this procedure has become a routine one in the diagnosis of brain tumour, brain injury and epilepsy. As Dr. Walter points out, clinical use of the EEG went ahead so rapidly, after the original work on it was published in 1929, that the electropathology of the brain became more advanced than its normal electrophysiology. We know now, however, that the normal brain, in certain conditions, maintains a considerable number, perhaps twenty to thirty, electrical rhythms. Consequently "adequate analysis of a few inches of EEG records would require the painstaking computation of a mathematician—it might take him a week. The modern automatic analyser, however, writes out the values of 24 components every 10 seconds . . ."

The most prominent of the rhythms, the alpha, has a frequency of eight to thirteen cycles a second. It is produced by parts of the cortex especially concerned with vision, and is particularly persistent in individuals with little or no visual imagination. By contrast intense visualisers may show no alpha rhythm. Another easily detected rhythm, the delta, has a frequency of 0.5 to 3.5 cycles a second, and becomes prominent when there is organic disease or injury of the brain, and in epileptics between seizures. It is also dominant in normal infants. A large-scale inquiry, in which EEG's were taken from many intellectually normal delinquent children, revealed abnormal delta rhythms in 70 per cent.—an indication, perhaps, of "immaturity." Between the alpha and the delta frequencies lies the theta, dominant between the ages of two and five years and "associated in some delicate fashion with pleasure and pain. It is easily evoked in a young child, for instance, by frustration, by snatching away a proffered sweet." Suggestions have now been made that the EEG offers a means of personality analysis, and certainly no two EEG's, even of uniovular twins, are alike. But surveys on a much larger scale are needed before such ideas can be properly tested. On the physiological side, too, the connexion of the EEG with other aspects of brain function remains tenuous.

It must be doubted, in fact, whether the amount of firmly based knowledge is yet enough to justify a popular book on electro-encephalography. Dr. Walter has, too, hardly overcome the difficulties of presenting this complex material to the general reader. His style is wordy, and the book contains much that is obscure or of doubtful relevance. Nevertheless it is the only book yet available to the layman, and as a pioneering work it is likely to arouse much interest and, perhaps, to provoke somebody to do better.

ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter. By CARSON MCCULLERS. *Cresset.* 15*s.*

Materassi Sisters. By ALDO PALAZZESCHI. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A Frost on my Frolic. By GWYN THOMAS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Guard Your Daughters. By DIANA TUTTON. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Cresset Press have reprinted Miss Carson McCullers's *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* which first appeared in 1943; it is her only long novel and for some reason has never received all the attention it deserves.

In a sense it is a number of short novels woven into one. Miss McCullers takes a group of people in a small American town, unrelated except by the need of their hearts, and tells their story turn and turn about. It is a difficult method, and particularly so in the hands of a fine writer; for the more engrossing one life is the more irritating the reader may find it to break off and switch to another. Miss McCullers succeeds triumphantly. Her poet's eye looks beyond the apparent and irrelevant differences to the unity which underlies them. Her people are puzzled, sorrowful, rebellious. They attribute their suffering to this cause or that. The pompous, rancorous Negro doctor believes that white people are to blame: the drunken, muddled hobo puts it down to the rich: poverty, the need to look after baby brothers, seem to come between the little Irish girl and her longing for music. These and the others are in fact unreconciled to life itself, to its blind cruelties, and to the isolation of the human being among them. All turn for comfort to a deaf mute whose gentle ways lead them to think he knows and understands more than in truth is possible. He has a private rebellion too: the great love of his life, a foolish, greedy, infantile Greek, dies in a lunatic asylum; and he makes an end to himself with a bullet, leaving the others with a still sharper sense of their loneliness.

To these hurt blundering creatures Miss

McCullers brings an exquisite compassion. There is nothing sentimental in her attitude: she does not believe that all must come right in the end: her clear gaze takes in the whole of the world's horror and ugliness. At the same time she has a wonderful power of disclosing beauties that duller eyes would never perceive. The poetry that suffuses her work flowers out of the most humble, everyday things: nothing is forced or contrived. She is an artist indeed, one of the greatest now writing in English.

Materassi Sisters is a very curious novel. It is the story of two elderly spinsters who have redeemed their family fortunes and worked up to a position of eminence by making beautiful under-garments for ladies of rank and appropriate coverings for dignitaries of the Church. A widowed sister implores them, on her death bed, to look after her son Remo, aged fourteen, handsome and remarkably sure of himself. They fall under the spell of this boy with the engaging manner and the heart of stone. The best of everything is barely good enough for him and his demands grow more preposterous with every year that goes by. At the age of twenty-two he hies him away to marry a rich American, leaving them destitute, objects of derision to those who formerly were respectful and envious, but still unshakeably infatuated.

The theme is a serious, even a painful one and begs to be treated as such. The longing of starved old age for youth and gaiety and love, the blithe indifference to it of the young, require the utmost gentleness of handling. Signor Palazzeschi's style is portentous enough, almost indeed Germanic in its reiteration and constant rammings-home, but his point of view is wholly frivolous and Latin. The snigger of the complacent Italian male sounds all the way through the book: the carnality of the old women's affection for the boy is made disagreeably much of; and the final scene where they choose out a photograph of their loved destroyer to enlarge and frame, which might have been so moving, winds the affair up with a giggle as they plump for the one that shows him practically naked. There is a great deal of fun, shrewd observation and lively caricaturing in the book but the author is writing beyond his means. It is strange that with his undoubted gift for recognising the clearly apparent he should not have realised this.

Mr. Gwyn Thomas has had the misfortune to be compared by distinguished critics to Rabelais, Runyon, Peacock, Joyce Cary, Christopher Fry, Chaucer and Bunyan. His good fortune in being published by Mr. Victor Gollancz is mitigated by that publisher's resolve, sound enough in itself, to throw nothing away. For all these brilliant if strangely assorted names smile up from the front of the jacket, inducing in the hopeful reader a high expectancy, drawing from the sour reviewer a whinny of apprehension. Between the groundless hopes of the one and the black forebodings of the other, the real qualities of the book are in danger of going unnoticed. *A Frost on my Frolic* is a lively, spirited, often bitter tale of life in a Welsh village, seen through the eyes of school-boys. It suffers from a Celtic exuberance of fancy and a humour which may perhaps be described as of the hit-or-miss variety.

> The vowels of Spence and myself are so broad that we have to be tapped lightly on the back of the neck to get them past our lips.

It would be convenient, in view of Mr. Waugh's recent remarks, if henceforward an author's age could appear under his name: in the absence of this I forbear to comment on the passage quoted above. But I greatly admire Mr. Thomas's gift for the happy or startling phrase and the pace at which his narrative roars along.

Middle-class families which believe they are odd, unconventional and even endearingly mad, are a peculiar feature of the English social scene. They may often be studied in Tea Shoppes, passing brightly insipid remarks in ringing tones and then hushing each other up, as who should say "*Par devoue les borgewah!*" One would like to know how their little mistake ever arose. Mrs. Tutton has chosen to write of just such people and thus has pretty material for satire. Her characters are English, middle-class and average to the bone. They tell each other home truths and take one another aside for little talks. They chatter the live-long day with the merry inconsequence of a sewing-machine. They are shocking snobs, much diverted by those who say "Pardon" although their own vocabulary would never get past Miss Nancy Mitford: and an "Honourable" to tea has them all of a dither. But they never weary of pointing out how really and truly, how remarkably and amazingly, extraordinary they all are. Unhappily Mrs. Tutton supports them in this view, thereby throwing away a splendid chance: her book might have been so wicked, so funny.

HONOR TRACY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Private World of Pain. *By* GRACE STUART. *Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a history of illness. At the age of nineteen, the author was attacked by rheumatoid arthritis, that painful and crippling disease for which cortisone has at last provided an alleviation. Mrs. Stuart had to wait many years for that. At first not only the disease itself but the attitude towards it of others—including doctors—made accommodation exceedingly difficult: Mrs. Stuart had to fight for a possible life and grow up at the same time. A chief enemy was the Christian belief in suffering, both as punishment and as a refinery of character, which she met on all sides. But, as she points out, it depends on the amount of suffering: a little of it is one thing, too much will blunt and incapacitate. And hers was a great deal too much. Her progress was achieved by slow awakenings, mistakes, painful recognitions, and hard-won attitudes towards life and disease. She made her way in lecturing and writing, studied more than she wrote, married; and then came the partial miracle of cortisone.

Private World of Pain will bring consolation and insight to many sufferers. But principally it should stir the luckier rest of us to examine our conventional cruelties, guilts, and fears in the matter. Society thrusts on the victim of disease a role which is itself hard to fight. Lack of psychological understanding can be, as Mrs. Stuart not too complainingly insists, frightful; the doctor who in the first place had spent weeks in determining exactly her physical condition broke the news to her in as many seconds that she "would never work again." She did manage to work again, just as in the first place she had inexplicably "caught" the disease. We catch it, said Groddeck, it doesn't catch us. Without going quite as far as Groddeck, Mrs. Stuart finds, most interestingly, contributory sources of her own illness in a Calvinistic upbringing.

Nationalisation in Practice: The British Coal Industry. By WILLIAM W. HAYNES. *Bailey Bros. & Swinfen.* 32*s.*

As an American Professor of Business Administration, Dr. Haynes has probably little ideological sympathy with Socialism; but his study of the effects of nationalisation on the British coal industry is objective and fair-minded. Having devoted the first five chapters of his book to a description of the British coalfields and an historical resumé of conditions precedent to Vesting Day, he examines the structure and achievements of the National Coal Board from the angles of output, price policy, labour relations, and development plans. Admitting that six years are much too short a time in which to arrive at final conclusions, he presents a picture which is neither one of failure (as Tory opponents of nationalisation predicted) nor of overwhelming success. He acquits the N.C.B. substantially of the common charges of over-centralisation levied against it, and he can find no warrant for the argument that better results could be obtained by breaking up the economic unity of the industry or—still less—of adopting Marshallian principles of pricing.

On the human side, however, Dr. Haynes expresses the view that much more still needs to be done to interpret management policies to the miner, and that the heritage of ingrained suspicion and hostility towards the "bosses" still has to be discarded. With regard to the future, he is inclined to criticise the Board for taking an unduly pessimistic view of the prospective demand for coal in ten years time, though he approves generally the N.C.B. Plan for concentrating investment on low-high cost areas where expansion of output is most desirable to replace that of the high-cost mines. Had he been writing a little later than he did (the book was evidently completed nine months ago), the author might have qualified his approval of the Plan by referring to the grave doubts which have lately been expressed whether the putting in hand of major projects is not being allowed to fall gravely behind schedule.

The Northern Marches. By CLEDWYN HUGHES. *Hale.* 18*s.*

If you begin at the beginning, don't be put off by little outcrops of highflown verblessness vaguely recalling the "Lush Places" of *Scoop*'s Mr. Boot. ("Country this of Mary Webb and A. E. Housman" or "Here once was all scheme and battle . . . Now the tranquillity.") They only occur when Mr. Hughes is feeling for a foothold or a peroration; once in his stride he stops intoning and conveys the technicalities of hedging, thatching, or rabbit-catching with clarity and expedition.

He is at his best in describing scenes from his own observation—the fair, the tennis club, the farm sale, —and has a keen eye for evocative documentary detail: the smell of meal from the back seat as the fur-wrapped farmers' daughters are driven home from the dance; humped shadows thrown by storm-lanterns during the last round of the cow-sheds; the transparent green of gooseberry jam dribbling from a wooden spoon; or, when the Rep visits the village, the cinema bus running in empty to market-town. He also journeys from Rhuddlan in the north to Ludlow in the south, collecting facts of biography, zoology, history and folklore; but the book's main achievement lies in conveying the feel and flavour of life in the Border counties and the changes taking place in it—the

GLADYS COOPER

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SURFACE!

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Peter Davies

blurred boundary line sharpening again under the pressure of Welsh nationalism, and the westward thrust of agricultural mechanisation confronting the struggling hillside smallholders with the sight of large-scale farmers, soft-handed with efficiency, and mechanised to the horrible point where they will use a tractor to calve a cow.

An Inventory of the Historical Monuments in Dorset: Vol. 1—West. *H.M.S.O.* 63*s*.

It used to be customary, in reviewing the Inventories of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, to indulge in a merry quip or two concerning the omissions resulting from the rigid exclusion of buildings later than 1714. Reviewers are now cheated of this frolic, for a new Commission of 1946 has authorised the inclusion of a selected number of Georgian (and even later) monuments. The present volume on West Dorset, the first to appear under the new dispensation, celebrates its liberation with a charming frontispiece—the standing effigy of a Regency squire from Ozer Compton, hair *en brosse* and wearing the puzzled expression of one who finds himself floodlit after a century and a quarter of perfect peace. The admission of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century buildings adds enormously to the excitement (at no time inconsiderable to the lover of architecture) of turning over these fastidiously dull, superbly illustrated descriptions. We are now permitted to estimate seriously not only the grand fifteenth-century fan-vault at Sherborne but the cheap and frail plaster vault of 1829 at Fleet, with its original and pleasing plan. The older things are very properly treated in greater detail (there is a most penetrating note on the pre-Conquest cathedral still partly embedded in Sherborne Abbey) but the late work is intelligently selected and adequately registered.

AN ARTIST'S EXPERIENCE

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NEWS costs 6*d*. (10*c*. a year) and can be obtained from COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS at 66 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2, 40 and 67 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1, 191 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, and 82 Cheapside, Hull.

The Man in Leather Breeches. By VERNON NOBLE. *Elek.* 21*s*.

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was a member of what Proust called "the magnificent and lamentable family of the neurotics" who, he said, "have founded our religions and composed our masterpieces." This popular biography will be enjoyed by readers who like a well-told tale, with plenty of adventure and pathos. Plainly the author admires Fox, Margaret Fell, Nayler, Penn and their associates, though occasionally he slips in a sceptical comment on some of their extravagances; he thinks, however, that those who opposed them did so merely from stupid prejudice and dislike of being disturbed, and he exaggerates the success of the Quakers. Psychology is frequently mentioned, but not seriously applied, and theology is almost ignored. Cromwell appears as the typical soldier-politician, without his millenarian streak, and, though Fox and his friends are admirably depicted, the strange, fervid atmosphere of the 17th century is not captured. In other words, we are told most graphically what Fox did and suffered, but it is not made clear why.

The English Village. By W. P. BAKER. *Oxford.* 6*s*.

Presumably the Home University Library felt incomplete without a volume on the English Village; Mr. Baker was, therefore, given the thankless job of dashing once more over this well-trodden ground, with 200 pages to cover Main Types, Work, Community Life, Church and Chapel, Education, Self-Government—ground covered quite recently for the Pelican series by Mr. Bonham-Carter. Luckily, Mr. Baker obviously enjoys his subject, and, after a very wobbly introduction, he writes with vigour and clarity. His interest is more in present social problems than in digging up the past, and he thus avoids much dalliance with cottage architecture or country customs. For the student this outline, with a useful bibliography, provides a good introduction to a variety of problems, any of which would repay some concentrated study. Mr. Baker does not claim to say anything very new; and the general reader may get a little tired of these repeated excursions to "The Village College," "The Problem of Leadership," etc. The village remains a type of the most integrated kind of community we have so far produced in Western civilisation, and therefore remains precious to us as a comparison with our fumblings after a satisfactory large-town way of life. It is time for a far more concentrated set of studies, if necessary in 600 pages, of the comparative merits of village, market town and city as a foundation for social building—studies which would at least hazard an answer to the questions which have now been so often put.

The Social Insects. By O. W. RICHARDS. *Macdonald.* 15*s*.

A popular account of the social insects almost demands a lapse into the heresy of anthropomorphism. The long-standing use of the word "queen" is indeed the outstanding example of misinterpreting animal behaviour in human terms. We rarely stop to reflect what it would be like if each community possessed, like the hive bee, only one fertile female of whom all other individuals were the offspring. Dr. Richard's excellent and up-to-date book entirely avoids the temptation to moralise by false parallels. One of the fundamental differences between the bees, wasps, ants and termites on the one hand, and ourselves on the other, is that we are wholly dependent on learning from the instruction of our elders, whereas the insects emerge from egg or cocoon immediately ready to perform complex tasks.

It is the complexity of these tasks that is so astonishing, and the more closely they are studied the more remarkable they appear. It is now well known, and has been fully confirmed, that bees can report both the direction and distance of a newly found source of food when they return to the hive: it is as if they had a technique of map references and a system of co-ordinates comparable to our compass bearings. (Actually they base their direction-finding on the sun.) It is likely that when species other than *Apis mellifera* are investigated further, they too will be found to have surprising abilities. The already known facts, presented by Dr. Richards in a lucid and unpretentious style, are often sufficiently bizarre. There are, for instance, the honey-pot ants among which certain workers store in their own bodies vast reserves of sugary liquids. The swollen creatures, known to us as *repletes*, are hung from the roofs of underground chambers in the nests, and are barely able to move. They give up the sugar to normal workers in times of famine. Other examples are the driver or legionary ants, which carry out operations resembling military campaigns. Dr. Richards gives an extremely wide and comprehensive survey, not only of these more obviously intriguing features of insect societies, but also of problems of the evolution of the social insects and the significance their study has for our understanding of animal behaviour in general. With its fifty-one excellent photographs and pleasant production this is a notable contribution to popular biology.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,222

Set by Tom Bowling

Competitors are asked to provide applications from Miss Austen, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, Ouida, Colette or any one of the Brontë sisters to an advertisement which recently appeared in *The Times* personal column, asking for:—"Woman Columnist (weekly) sought by national newspaper. Style unconventional but not forced; light but not frothy; sophisticated but sympathetic. Interested in personalities. Column must appeal to both sexes in the average British family." Limit, 150 words. Entries by August 4.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,219

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet on first looking into any one of the following: Scott-Moncrieff's Proust, Pound's Propertius, Arthur Waley's Chinese Poems, Archer's Ibsen, Gerard Hopkins's Mauriac, Stuart Gilbert's Simenon, Day Lewis's Aeneid, Leishman's Rilke, Dorothy Sayers's Dante or Madrus and Mathers's Arabian Nights.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

The entry sorted itself out unevenly into a handful of sensitives and a heap of cheeky iconoclasts. Scott-Moncrieff led the former, Miss Sayers copped the unkindest of the latter. Most competitors of either type managed the octet tolerably and then fell down on the similes. (D. N. Dalglish's

Then felt I like some tired psychiatrist,
When a new patient crawls into his den. . . .

was an exception.)

I tended to grow sceptical of so many yelps and sighs of recognition—a convention rampant among the Proustians—though R. M. Pointon's surprise at getting to grips with Madrus and Mathers sounded genuine enough.

Although from early youth I've always nursed
A passion for the purely pornographic,
These talks on my maturer vision burst
Like wonders of a wanton world seraphic.
Familiar with the stories (who is not?)
From childhood, in the versions free from sin,
I must admit I never found a lot
To cause a blush, from Sinbad or from Djinn.
But this is quite another cup of tea. . . .

There were some nice bits of *chinoiserie* and a neat-hit piece of Lifemanship (M. B. Shaw):

Fluidity, defence in depth—the master
Plan—"You don't teach monkeys to climb trees,"
I said, "or put wet plaster on wet plaster.
Perhaps you know the couplet in Chinese!"
The night was won; I garnered in the spoils—
I'd dipped in Waley just that day in Foyle's.

Two guineas each to Graeme Wilson and J. P. Stevenson, and a guinea each to Elaine Morgan and H. A. C. Evans.

LEISHMAN'S RILKE

This was the country we had feared to find
Real, the legendary hinterland
Whose Himalayan darkness loomed behind
Our lives' bright littoral, the baby-bland
Beach of our being. But his that country, and

His were those coiling monsters of the mind
That dared our sanity to understand
The Worms' identity with Adam's kind.

But also his was that suave reconciling,
The Angel's hint that, every now and then,
Something might happen that was utterly good:
The monsters any moment might come smiling
Upon the beach like princes, or the men
Might in the darkness slough their babyhood.

GRAEME WILSON

WALEY'S CHINESE POEMS

A bird sings in the crooked lemon tree,
The yellow dusk vibrates to harp and flute,
A silken Governor and his friend refute
Our Western love, with wine and poetry;

The wind goes sighing to eternity
Through tangled grass where Emperors lie mute.
I think, what reverend stem could bear .or fruit
This calm and alien choreography?

Cortes beside the unexpected ocean
Knew what he saw; but what mysterious tide
Ebbed, and was still, in Montezuma's eyes?

Such vast uncharted treacherous seas divide
Mind from mind that we have little notion
What distant words, translated, symbolize.

J. P. STEVENSON

C. DAY LEWIS'S VIRGIL

"But only those who know Declension Three,"
They said, "may enter in." Long and complete
The ban that C. Day Lewis broke for me!
Then felt I like some urchin of the street,
Who lets the golden queueing-hours slip by,
Then weeps, and pushes for a place in vain—
When some policeman lifts him shoulder-high
Where he may see the royal party plain.
The gracious car rolls past. He plays his part:
No wider eyes, no shriller voice than his,
No cap more wildly skied in all the throng.
(And yet his small and sacrilegious heart
Cries, "All the same, if this is all there is,
I'm glad *I* never sat up all night long!")

ELAINE MORGAN

STUART GILBERT'S SIMENON

Much have I travelled in the Christie land
And followed many a trail of herrings (red);
Up many a garden path have I been led
By Sayers, Blake and others of the band.
Oft had I heard of one strange region planned
By Simenon, a place of doom and dread:
Yet did I never its dark alleys tread
Till Stuart Gilbert took me by the hand:

Then did I venture forth, with him as guide,
Into the twilight world of demi-rep,
Apache and thug—and Maigret all my pride,
Tailing his quarry with unfaltering step,
Or watching patiently the ebbing tide,
Silent, within the shadows at Dieppe.

H. A. C. EVANS

CHESS: Tempting Fate

No. 199

It is all very well—as we saw last week—to show a bit of *l'audace*, but it had better not be quite so *toujours*. Such courage should be premeditated rather than reckless. In other words: we should think valorously and act discreetly. Fortunately few of us ever do. Chess would be a dull game if we did.

Hence, so as to encourage the illusion that fortune favours the brave, here—Burgstein-Schuster, Salsomaggiore 1952—is a story with a happy end. The position arose just after the time-control. Ten moves earlier, though a P up, White had offered a draw; he was in desperate time trouble which was the main reason for Black to spurn the offer. But now, about to lose another pawn, he seemed to have cause to regret his *audace*. Yet, the Black QKtP turned out to be poisoned, and the *post mortem* revealed that even the more discreet (42) Q-Q3, Q-B6! (43) Q-Kt6, B-B3, (44) P-K4, R-B7! would have merely achieved a draw. As it happened White let himself be dared to take the P. He had foreseen and countered all subsequent complications—all except the last and decisive move.

(41)	R-B1	(44) Kt-B3!	B-Kt6 ch!
(42) Q x P?	Q-K5	(45) K-R1	Q-B6!!
(43) Q-Q2	R-B7!	(46) resigns	

The following little game—Gelenczei-Alföldy, Budapest 1952—sprang from a variation which was thoroughly analysed and very popular some thirty or forty years ago. Evidently Black knew it, and White didn't. But Black too tempted fate; he must have known that by (10) K-Kt1 or by (12) P-KR3 White could have got the better of it.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) Kt-R4	Q-R4
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(12) Kt x P ch ?	K-Q1
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(13) P-KR3	Kt-B3
(4) B-Kt5	Kt-Q5	(14) Kt x R	Q x Kt ch!
(5) Kt x P	Q-K2	(15) K x Q	Kt-K5
(6) P-KB4	Kt x B	(16) Q-R5	B-K2 ch
(7) Kt x Kt	P-Q3	(17) Q-Kt5	B x Q ch
(8) Kt-KB3	Q x P ch	(18) P x B	P-KR3
(9) K-B2	Kt-Kt5 ch	(19) P-Kt6	P x P
(10) K-Kt3	Q-Kt3	(20) P-KKt4	B-Q2

White resigned. After the Q-sacrifice he was plainly lost in every variation.

It seems fitting for this week's subject that the 4-pointer should teach beginners not to tempt fate by putting too much trust in a pin. After this broad hint they will find it even easier to see how White caused his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves. **B** and **C** are both draws, and they may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points. If I did not add the useful hint that they have a good deal in common.

A: Walkerling 1930

B: A. S. Selesniev 1914

C: W. and M. Platov 1913

Usual prizes. Entries by August 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 4

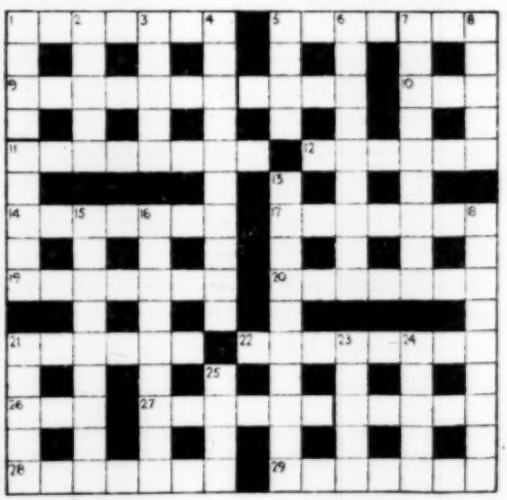
A: (1) P-KKt4, B x Q. (2) R x RP ch, P x R. (3) P-Kt5 ch, R x P. (4) P x K mate.
If (1) . . . P x P. (2) Q x P, etc.
B: (1) P-B7, K-Kt2. (2) P queens, K x Q. (3) B-Kt4, K-Q2 (4) K-B2, K-B3. (5) B-R3 (B5), etc.
C: (1) P-B4 ch, K x R. (2) Q-Kt3, Q-B2 ch. (3) K-K2 Q-R4 ch. (4) P-Kt4!, Q x P ch. (5) K-B1, K-K3. (6) Q-R4 ch K-Kt3. (7) P-B5, ch., etc.
If (1) . . . K-R6. (2) Q-R1 ch, K-Kt6. (3) Q-B3 ch, K-R7. (4) B-Kt4, etc.

Some stumped by **C**. Even so over a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, R. E. Hodsdon, M. Kaye. In the 13 ladder-decade 1st prize goes to A. Schneider, one of the 9th Decade winners who has scored 707 points since September. One of the "newcomers", A. E. Harris, has totted up 582 points since he started last summer, only two points ahead of one of the veterans K. Beaumont who started from scratch after being among the 8th Decade winners fifty weeks ago. 4th prize to Gerald Abrahams who rarely drops a point whenever he competes and whose sporadic entries now add up to 575 points. *Non-Londoners' 11th move R x Kt. Londoners' 11th due by July 29.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 58

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 58, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 4th August.



ACROSS

1. In the fifties brought back to us the art of purification (7).
5. The dish for a plucky bird (4, 3).
9. Money earmarked for wreck victims? (7, 4).
10. Unhealthy state of America (3).
11. Ridiculous performance, though an effort is made about one garment (8).
12. Prays for the stars without one (6).
14. Ingredient of cucumber, tomato, and lettuce sandwiches (7).
17. Unstirred mud oven (7).
19. Crowds of publishers (7).
20. In this position no more can be done (7).
21. A fairly good means of communication (6).
22. Leave out the feast (8).
26. Town without a setback for a girl (3).
27. Well booked, but not going in for the singles? (6, 5).
28. Desires a change, but stays permanently (7).
29. One who cuts the dancer (7).

DOWN

1. The end of the suit is the time for the judgment (4, 5).
2. It comes from cass.a (5).
3. Rear is in back part of body (5).
4. Brothel warning for sailors? (10).
5. Dig up food (4).
6. Between Frenchman and sweetheart one doctor serves as intermediary (9).
7. Whether Eva is there or not, it is early (9).
8. Moslem Devil (5).
13. Means of getting one's own back on the railway (10).
15. Red drawings (9).
16. The noise in the instrument echoed (9).
18. The ship of the desert perhaps has a man inside (9).
21. Young man with a namesake (5).
23. Foreigner who has it in his heart to get married (5).
24. He may show his hand (5).
25. The dress for failures (4).

SEE-SQUARE

Solution to No. 56

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 56

E. F. Watling (Sheffield), Mrs. R. Child (Wokingham), P. Nichols (Whetstone, N.20).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. requires Programme Sub-Editor, Radio Times. Duties include preparation of programme copy for printers and checking of programme and editorial pages; compilation of Regional Home Service summaries. Qualifications: good general education with high standard in literature, interest in current affairs, knowledge of music and languages and well-developed critical faculty. Salary £500 with 5 annual increments to £685 per annum. For certain journalistic qualifications salary £778 fixed. Handwritten applications with full details of journalistic experience and any relevant technical qualifications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within a week, marking applications "P.S.E.N Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science requires an Assistant Librarian. Salary on the scale £450 × £25 – £550 – £30 – £730. Candidates should have a good honours degree and a good knowledge of languages; experience or examination qualifications in librarianship will be an additional advantage. Applications with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to The Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2 by August 31.

VACANCY: Maclear High School, South Africa. Subjects: English, all secondary classes up to Matric. State what other subjects competent to teach. Man or woman, unmarried. Degree essential. Extra mural activities. Closing date for receipt of applications August 15, 1953. State whether duties can be assumed on October 5 or in January, 1954. Salary in accordance with qualifications, e.g. Bachelor's degree plus one year professional training thereafter salary scale £478 × £25 – £900 for men and £400 × £20 – £720 for women plus cost of living allowance at Government rate. Maximum of five years previous teaching experience may be recognised. Appointment on probation in first instance. Must undertake to qualify bilingual within three years. Applications to Principal, High School, Maclear, South Africa, stating qualifications, sex, age, experience and interest in extra mural activities. Copies of recent testimonials must be enclosed.

THE University of Southampton. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in the Department of Economics for research into productivity of certain industrial firms. Salary £400–£450, duties to commence September 14 or as soon thereafter as possible. Applications (3 copies), together with names of three referees, should be sent by August 1 to the Professor of Economics, University of Southampton, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

IMPORTANT firm of import/export merchants established in the Middle East invites applications from single men aged 20/25 interested in training for responsible positions in the overseas branches. Candidates should be of good education with a real interest in commerce, and must be prepared to spend the greater part of their time in the East. Contract: 3 years. Paid leave: 5 months. Commencing minimum salary abroad £500 p.a. all found, plus other emoluments. Staff Provident Fund. Some experience of one or more of the following would be a great advantage: hides and skins, general produce, coffee, shipping. Selected candidates will work initially in London on probation. Write, with full particulars, to: A. Besse & Co. (London), Ltd., 106, Weston Street, S.E.1.

INTERESTING openings and excellent prospects in an important Anglo-Israeli organisation embarking on a major project are offered to (1) a junior executive grade of superior educational background, strong but pleasing personality and good organising ability, (2) a well-educated secretary-shorthand-typist with good speeds and office experience. Write Box 862.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Chelsea. Chelsea Community Centre. Applications are invited, from those with appropriate qualifications and experience, for the post of full-time resident Secretary/Warden. Salary £500 p.a. rising by annual increments of £20 to £600 p.a., the starting point to be fixed according to experience but with a maximum of £560 p.a. A four-room maisonette will be available, rent and rates free, to the person appointed. Full particulars and application form from the Honorary Secretary, Chelsea Community Association, Town Hall, King's Road, S.W.3.

THREE interesting posts offered from August in progressive country home for Maladjusted Children. Applicants should have a non-moral bias and an ability to work with difficult children. (1) Woman for general duties with children. (2) Cook, able to produce simple interesting children's meals. (3) Man for general duties with knowledge of maintenance. Salary, £250 per year less a reasonable amount for res. coml. Apply by letter giving outline of background and ideas to Box 678.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Museum, Assistant Keepers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for nine pensionable posts: (a) Two in Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts; (b) three in Department of Printed Books; (c) two in Department of Manuscripts; (d) one in Department of Ethnography; (e) one in Department of Coins and Medals. Appointment under (a) may be to First or Second Class according to age and qualifications; all others are to the Second Class. Age at least 28 on September 1, 1953, for a First-class post and at least 22 and under 26 on that date for Second-class post, with extension for regular Forces Service, compulsory Force Service, established Civil Service and exceptionally well-qualified candidates. Candidates must have, or obtain in Summer, 1953, a University degree with First- or Second-class honours and must have a competent knowledge of two modern languages, preferably French and German. For one post under (a) the degree must be in Arabic; for the other in Persian or Turkish; under (b) a degree in Classics is preferred; under (c) and (d) a knowledge of Latin to at least G.C.E. (A) level is essential; also for one post in (c) some acquaintance with musical history and early musical notation; and for (d) a degree or diploma in Anthropology including Archæology are an additional advantage. For (e) the successful candidate will specialise in coin and medals, other than Oriental, issued after 1500. Inclusive salary scales: Assistant Keeper (First Class) £844 to £1,331 (men), £712 to £1,162 (women); Assistant Keeper (Second Class) £440 to £655 (men), £440 to £549 (women). Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory service with H.M. Forces. Prospects of promotion. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 131/53. Applic. forms to be returned by August 20, 1953.

ST. Barnabas Youth Club, Sutton, Surrey. Required immediately, full-time Leader, man or woman, for this established Mixed Club for boys and girls aged 14 to 21. Applicants should be members of the Church of England. The Club is grant-aided by the Local Education Authority and the salary scale is in accordance with the Authority's approved scale, viz: Men, £375 × £20—£525, Women, £320 × £20—£440, plus London Weighting. Practical experience of work in a mixed club is essential and preference will be given to applicants who have a recognised Certificate of Training. Forms of application, with full particulars, obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

SURREY Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Club Leaders. Applications are invited from suitably qualified Men or Women for: (1) The Elmu Youth Club, Wimbledon (Re-advertisement). (II) The Glastonbury Youth Club, Carshalton. Both clubs are for boys and girls of 15–20 years of age. Practical experience of work in mixed clubs is essential, and preference will be given to applicants who have a recognised Certificate of Training. Salary in accordance with the approved scale: Men, £375 × £20 – £525 p.a.; Women, £348 × £20 – £465 p.a., plus London allowance. Forms of application with full particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the following posts: (a) Two Housemothers at St. Christopher's Reception Home (19 children both sexes, age range 4–16 yrs.), at Rustington, Nr. Littlehampton. (b) Senior Housepparent (either sex) and one House-father at Littlegreen, a "family" group home at Compton, Nr. Chichester. Applicants should hold Home Office Child Care Certificate or equivalent qualifications. Salary in accordance with National Scales. Application forms and further particulars from The Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

STAFF reqd. for Citizens Advice Bureaux in the Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Candidates should have Social Science Diploma or experience in professional social work. Training given, 3 months of which is on unpaid basis. Salary for trained staff £350 × £20 to £450 p.a. Superann. Scheme. Part-time vacs. also exist. Apply in writing: C.A.B. Liaison Officer, F.W.A., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

YOUTH Hostels Association, Birmingham Region, requires responsible man as Organising Secretary. Salary £500 per annum. Knowledge of and enthusiasm for the work of the Association essential. Apply: 92 Aston Street, Birmingham, 4.

ASSISTANT Organising Secretary reqd. for international voluntary work camp organisation's London office to commence as soon as possible. Salary by arrangement but necessarily limited. Similar exper. essential. full details and applic. form from Box 829.

MAN reqd. to assist Manager with Social Organisation &c. summer season, Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during training period. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Gro., London, W.11.

SECRETARIAL Technical Assistant wanted for special research investigation. Interesting appointment. Applicants should be 25 or over. Shorthand not essential. Good typing speed necessary. Starting salary according to age from £305 or £315. Eventual maximum £390. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

PRIVATE Secretary required for Chief Accountant of large Engineering Organisation in Wiltshire. Applicants should be first-class Shorthand-Typists, used to working on their own initiative, and able to take complete responsibility for handling and filing of correspondence. Preference will be given to applicants with wide interest in current affairs and some knowledge of engineering. A generous salary will be paid. Box 902.

SECRETARY required for Manager of Contractors' Plant Department. Applicants should have good educational standards, minimum shorthand typing speeds of 120/60 and be capable of assuming responsibility. Preference will be given to those with Industrial experience. 5-day week. Superannuation Scheme. Canteen facilities. Applications, giving details of age, experience and salary required, should be sent to the Personnel Department, George Cohen Sons & Co. Ltd., 88 Wood Lane, London, W.12.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd. at Child Guidance Clinic in Regent's Park area. Interesting work; congenial conditions. Salary on Grade A viz.: £205 p.a. at age 19 rising to £350 p.a. plus London Weighting (£285 plus London Weighting at age 25 and over). Applications to Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W.1.

WANTED, young trained woman as resident Assistant Secretary at the Caldecott Community. School experience desirable but not essential. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Ashford, Kent.

PINEWOOD requires teacher & cook—see S. Salon's advertisement, Elizabeth Strachan, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52.

GRADUATE Master (single) required for general subjects and games. Small co-educational school. Box 718.

MATRON and Assistant required, with knowledge of nature cure methods; small co-educational school. Box 719.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typ. for London posts. Salary up to £8. Also for temporary work £6 10s. (10-5, no Sats.) Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-typists, Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

BURNETTS have such lovely jobs! Sec./S. T. £10, Copy Typ. £7 & many other wonderful positions—gowns, publicity, films, export, hotels, farms &c. Call Burnett Bureau Ltd. 77 Dean St. W.1 and see for yourself!

DOMESTIC Staff: British or Continental cooks, cooks-general, mothers helps, married couples, etc., available through Five Cities Bureau, 40a George Street, London, W.1. WEL. 3897. We also secure first-class jobs for employees.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

QUALIFIED expd. French/German master (has taught abroad) seeks full part-time work. London area. Box 711.

ESCAPE from orthodoxy sought by bachelor, 26, Oxford graduate (2nd Greats), 4 yrs. successful but uninspiring commercial experience. Anything worthwhile attempted anywhere, permanent/temporary. Difficulty/danger no object; salary, etc., secondary importance; no pension or other bait read. All suggestions, and even good advice, welcomed and acknowledged. Box 615.

GRAD. (1st in French) 27 (m.), seeks interesting work. Box 874.

COUNTRYMAN, 45, married, business executive, accountancy and agricultural exper., seeks admin. post with school, college, estate, etc. Suggestions welcomed. Loyal and conscientious service in exchange reasonable salary and congenial surroundings. Box 766.

MARLBURIAN, 18, reqs. interesting work anywhere, Aug.-Sept. Box 810.

EXPORT Manager, fully experienced, fluent French, German, looks for interesting work with progressive firm. Box 723.

SECRETARY requires school post Sept.—preferably non-resident. Box 833.

SOCIAL Worker, teaching qualifications and long experience with children, 12 years' experience with European refugees and DPs, seeks any vital work where energy and initiative are needed. Box 818.

LADY, sen. post in Hospital, seeks employment 4 times a week. After 5 p.m. Cook, children, etc. Box 681.

YNG. woman graduate (22) B.A. Hon. French/German, initiative & personality, widely travelled, seeks respons. post. Box 809.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

QUALIFIED Music Mistress requires post London or near. Box 679.

WANTED in Aberdeen, pt.-time secret. work. Afternoon &/or eveng. Box 632.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

WHERE TO STAY

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312.)

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. Sept. 8gns., Oct. 6gns. incl.

CONVALESCE in comfort! Kathleen Batten's Old Plaw Hatch on the edge of the Ashdown Forest offers rest and excellent food in a friendly atmosphere. Phone Sharpthorne 17 for reservations.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country Hse. possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm prod. No children under 14. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

LAKES. Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Rest. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2314.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 82.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C.; Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Cutchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

DEVON, Coombe Cross Hotel. Edge of Dartmoor. Ideal touring centre. Easy distance from sea; excellent food, comfort, secluded garden. Bovey Tracey 217611.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Free July & fr. Sept. 12. Surman, Peesthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Shropshire.

BETWEEN Pennines & Lakeland. Perfect holiday centre in spacious country house. Every comfort. Brochure. Mod. charges. Yealand Manor, nr. Carnforth.

BUCKS. Small, comfortable Guest House in lovely country. Good food, own produce. London 20 miles. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans, nr. Beaconsfield. Jordans 2155.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House, lovely country gd. food, £4 12s. 6d. wkly.; 14s. 6d. dly. Vacs. Sept. Brochure: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cheltenham.

SMALL modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

"THE Continental" answers your quest of a select guest house. Companionable atmosphere; French food. (Illustrated brochure.) 10 Albany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Please see advertisement on page 101.)

BEAUTIFUL Cornish coast near Polperro. 17th-Century cottage overlooking sea. Young people especially welcome; quite informal. 5½gns. bed, breakfast and dinner, or just bed and breakfast with permit to cook own food during day. G. de Linde, Little Lizzen, Polperro.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. The sunny, tranquil corner of Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Ideal for discriminating folk. Large beautiful grounds; near sea. Comf., good food. Mod. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. recomm. R.A.C. listed. Whitstable 3283.

DONEGAL Highlands. Bruckless House Hotel. Every conceivable comfort, on sea, excellent salmon, trout fishing, rough shooting. V. peaceful, superb cooking & cellar.

ACHILL Island (W. Ireland). Amethyst Hotel. Bus to door. H./C., most b'rms. Elec. Safe bathing 4 mins. Golf 10 mins.

PARIS, 3 mins. from Gare Nord. Rooms from 500frs. Mod. conf. Hotel Champagne Mulhouse, 87 Bd. Strasbourg, Paris X.

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks in Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Engs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PENSION Thélia. Pleasant garden, near Panthéon. 25s. daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Attractive unusual architect-designed residence facing an open green within a few minutes' walk of Hampstead Heath, and 9 minutes' walk of the Tube Station. 5 bedrooms, lounge hall, 2 large reception rooms, kitchen and scullery. Planned on two floors only with very attractive gardens. Lease about 950 years. Ground rent £17 17s. Price £5,000. View with owner's Agents, McCraith & Brooks, 44 The Market Place, N.W.11. (SPE. 9888—3 lines.)

BOURNEMOUTH. Superior bungalow built 1938; 2 mins. shops and buses; 2 bedrooms, tiled bath, sep. w.c., spacious lounge, dining room, labour-saving kit. Secluded garden; garage space. Freehold £2,900 or offer. Kinder & Knight, West Southbourne, Bournemouth. Tel. Southbourne 43898.

BONCHURCH. Charming cottage, modern interior. 2 bedrms., lounge, dinette, kit., bathrm. Parquet floors. Garden chalet makes extra bdrm., old stone-walled gdn., garage, workshop, conservatory, priv. path to beach. £2,600. N. Antill, Cliff Dene, Bonchurch, I.W.

CHELSEA. Houseboat, modern labour-saving M.T.B. conversion, 72ft. × 17ft. (Fine war record.) Fully, comfortably furnished for six. Seven rooms, studio, h. & c. Elec. light. £1,850. Box 878.

PERSONAL

1/2 seats wanted in car travelling on Continent. Beginning August. Box 828.

YNG. Doctor/wife desire join motor party France, Italy/similar, 2-3 weeks, early Aug.-Sept. Exps., driving shrd. Box 826.

WOMAN, son (10), cat, all cheerful, quiet, require home with job Oct.-July within few hours Lincoln. Box 816.

AUSTRIAN boy 18 wants au pair or exchange hospitality during August-Sept. with London family. Can cook, look after children. Training skating. Box 812.

WOMAN teacher, adaptable, seeks employment summer holidays. Box 901.

ENGLISH couple (middle-aged but alive, wide interests) with large villa in South of France, very near sea, mountains and Italy, would like to meet another couple with view to sharing privileges and responsibilities. Congeniality most important, so we suggest an autumn holiday with us, as paying guests, after Sept. 9, as an experiment in communal living. Encl. postage coupon. Box 689.

SWISS girl, 18, sks. post in family to help with children and housework. Free Sept. Refs. such. Offers to Mlle. Yvette Vallon, Chez Manning, 16 Chemin Thury, Geneva.

CONTINENTAL family would take boy of 16, or another passenger, tour to France. Expenses according to arrangement. Ring Western 2223, extension 17.

COUNTRYWOMAN, forties, obliged holiday alone Aug. 24, hopes Brittany. Not gregarious but suggests joining another. Independent basis. Box 721.

GO abroad in driven 8-seater saloon, 6d./km. and £2/day. Box 88.

GROUP Theatre needs hon. pt.-time sec. Apply letter, 5 Goodwin's Court, W.C.2.

DRIVER-mechanic wanted to join party touring Spain in taxi Aug. 22 for 2 weeks. Share expenses. Box 793.

GIRL, 26, wants hitch-hiking partner (f.), to & through Austria all August, interested art, music. Box 788.

1 or 2 passengers wanted by professional man for car holiday Switzerland, Italian Lakes first 3 wks. September. Box 752.

TOURING Spain/Italy? Lady (29), perfect Spanish, would join group August 21/30 or late September. WES. 5230.

1 or 2 car seats vacant in modern estate car. Leaving London beg. August—Holland, Belgium, France, Italy. 3-4 weeks. Driver preferred. Share expenses. Box 811.

HOUSE Party. Own swimming pool, tennis, squash, sailing, dancing. Box 287.

DORDOGNE. Lascaux. Paris. Aug. 30. Fortnight mixed camp tour. 4 seats, £25 inc. PRI. 9030. Ulrich, 1 Antrim Rd. N.W.3.

TWO young men (29) touring Continent by car leaving Aug. 1, invite 2 others to join them. Share expenses. Box 882.

1 or 2 seats available car going S. of France-Italy, progressive artist, writer, etc. Hotel and camping—share expenses. Leaving Paris mid-August. De Montigny, 52 Bld. Montparnasse, Paris.

NEAR Heidelberg, beautiful holiday town. Double bed-sit. 3 Marks per person/night. Use of kitchen. Schneiders, 17A Eberbach, Burgstr. 14, Germany.

MAJORCA. Children under 5 with mothers welcome October onwards; fog-free winter. FLA. 8667.

STUDENT of Modern Decoration offered spare-time remuneration for advice to businessman. Box 629.

ANGLO-Spanish Press Bureau, 12 Duke St., St. James's, London, S.W.1. Press services, literary and trade, throughout South America & Spain. Also transls. into Spanish.

LIEDER singers, professional or amateur; work with Barbara Lander, G.R.S.M., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., expert accompanist and coach. Hampstead studio. Pollards 3180.

PERSONAL—continued

SEND your Watch and Clock casualties to C. H. Harlock, 22 Laurel Crescent, Shirley, Croydon. Immed. & expert personal attention.

R.C. Foster-homes in or near Middlesex are urgently needed for two boys, one a schoolboy aged 5 and the other aged 1 year, who are in need of a happy family life for an indefinite period. Please apply to Area Children's Officer, 13 Rosslyn Rd., E. Twickenham.

R.A.F. Widow, experienced secretary, would give part-time services free to worthy cause. Box 773.

SOUTH African lady reqs. seat car touring Continent (share exps.), or female companion hitch-hiking. Box 964.

FREE journey for expd. driver to nr. Bideford, mid-Aug., return mid-Sept. Would consider sharing camping. MOU. 2838.

AUSTRIA is still the best value and offers you a varied holiday with lake bathing, mountain walks, music and gaiety! We can still include you in one of our informal parties to the Salzburg lake district (tickets to the Salzburg Festival available) or to the Tyrol. Departures: August 1, 7, 15, 29 and September 11. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ITALY in Grape Harvest. A splendid time to visit Rome, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri. Two select parties, escorted throughout, leave Sept. 19 and Oct. 3. 16 days 49gns. Independent and escorted tours all countries. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1. Cha. 6436/7.

HOUSE Party Holidays and Weekends by the sea in Sussex or Cornwall, or near Windsor Forest. Special family reductions. July 25-Aug. 29. From £3. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

UNHANDYMANISH though intelligent Londoners now call in Facility to repair, decorate, clean, renovate, install or adapt any goods and chattels, furnishings, appliances and services in home, office and shop. Facility collects, redelivers, is prompt, efficient, inexpensive, gives a guarantee—ask Peter Hunot or Philip Youngman, who run "Facility Repairs and Renovations" from 83-91 Little Albany Street, N.W.1. EUSton 7211.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

HOLIDAYS worth while. "Able Boys" (8th year): sailing on the Broads for boys over 12 (newcomers 12-14), living aboard. Waterboys: canoeing and swimming camp for boys 10-14, beside the upper Thames. Booklets from R. R. Skemp, M.A. (Oxon), 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, W.C.2. Send S.A.E. for programme. Spain £33; France £17; Yugoslavia from £29; for 2 weeks inclusive.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in beautiful villa on sea front. Excellent cuisine. Villa Kismet, Blvd. Wilson, Juan Les Pins.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

SANITATION for Extra Workers, extra attendances at Sports and Social Events, extra people anywhere. Install Elsan Chemical Closet in a few hours. No drains, no running water. Guaranteed odourless, germ-free. Write for Brochure to Elsan Mfg. Co. (Dept. N.S.8), 51 Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124, New Bond St., London, W.1.

AUTHORS and Artists, new or established, invited to contribute details of work for publication. Send name and address, not MSS etc., to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

REJUVENATE your French. Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

PERSONAL—continued

MAJORCA (Palma)—small flat, 2 beds., h. & c., cooking facilities, wanted month of October. Box 864.

YOUNG prof. lady wou'd like to join party France-Italy end August/beginning September. Share expenses. Box 949.

MANUFACTURER, retailer or designer, you will be interested in "Design" which brings news and illustrations each month of new product design, case histories, design policy in industry, developments in Britain and overseas. 2s. a copy or 25s. for 12 issues post free from your newsagent or "Design," 383 Tilbury House, Petty France, London, S.W.1. Send 2s. 3d. for specimen.

JEWISH men with cultural interests and Zionist sympathies are invited to join London Jewish Society. Partics.: Box 758.

THE Shakespeare Players, an amateur group meeting in Central London, require actors for Autumn Production. Box 676.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer. Specialist in Portraiture of those who usually face the camera with misgiving. Phone Victoria 4915, 298, Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

PICTURE Bargains: Signed originals £1-£10 by Badmin, Bomberg, Brangwyn, Cameron, Clausen, Conder, Dunlop, Etty, Mark Fisher, Hennell, Innes, John, Laura Knight, Nevinson, Orpen, Sickert, Spurrier, Topolski, Ethelbert White, and many others. Box 699.

THE University—for introductory course, see "Lectures and Meetings."

NEWLANDS Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative &' convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

HORSE Shows better on Ferrania film—it's guaranteed to give the best pictures from any camera at any time.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov FLA. 4354.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing WEL. 4841.

P.S. A double ration of sunshine for those who take their holidays abroad in the winter. Why not put your name down now for a copy of Harold Ingham's ski programme (in preparation).

P.P.S. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Telephone: HARrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast. 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

BELGRAVIA. Modern divan-rooms, use kit. & bathrm. Details: ring SLO. 8819.

LARGE, bright bed-sit. room, mod. house.—45s. weekly, incl. gas, electricity, c.h.w.—offered woman willing baby-sit occasionally. 61 Woodstock Rd., N.W.11.

DOUBLE bedroom, sitting rm., use kit., bath. Vacant Aug. 15.—Nov. 1. Central, 3½gns. weekly. Phone AMB. 0761 5-8 p.m.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18-30). Single divan rooms. International. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

TO let. Comfortably furn. room, newly decorated, suitable gentleman, cooking facils. 37s. 6d. wkly. Tel. MAI. 1093.

ADELAIDE Rd., s/c. flat, 2 large rooms, kit.-bath., toilet. Completely, comf. furn., phone, refrigerator, all trimmings. Colour immaterial. 7gns. p.w., gas, elec. incl. Brittan, MAY. 9255 day, HOL. 0618 evg.

LARGE furnished room with annexe offered professional or business woman. Use of kitchen and bathroom (constant hot water). £2 15s. incl. RIV. 7473 after 7 p.m.

TWO luxurious single serviced rooms. £2 15s. each. Use kit., bath, c.h.w., gas, bed-linen, milk-frig. MAI. 5267.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO let, comf. room, sep. clsg. facils., bath. PRI. 4018 evgs. and week-ends.

GENT wd. sub-let dble. rm. in furn. flat. Use k. & b. H'stead TEM. 8484/ Ex. 4.

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HIGHGATE Ponds: small all-electric house suit family with children, available mid-August to mid-Sept. MOU. 2838. Box 919.

FLAT—attractive sitt.-rm., bedrm., in s.c. flat. Share bathrm., lge. kit. (2 ckrs.). Open, sunny outlook, gd. neighbourhood. HAM. 6797 before 8.45, after 7. Box 814.

STUDIO to let, suitable for Potter. N.E. London. Elec., power, gas. Box 843.

NEAR Baker Street Station, two large divan rooms, one for two people, 2gns. and 2½gns. each. Tel. AMB. 3320.

CHELSEA. To let from Aug. 4, in private house in Square, convenient Sloane Sq., well furn., quiet bed-sit. 66s. wkly. inclusive good brkfst., light, heat, baths. 'Phone available. Suit bachelor. Box 589.

COMF. accom. with board offd. yng. man. 5 Priory Ct., N.W.6. MAI. 8386 evgs.

PLEASANT comf. furn. room. Bus. lady/stud. S. Ken. Tel. 7-9 p.m. FRE. 2881.

W.1. 3-roomed s/c flat, reduced rent to couple & child for care 7-yr.-old son of prof. woman, 4-5.30 weekdays. Exchange baby-watching. Box 899.

WINTER Sunshine—Furn. cottages and maisonettes in Devon (Appledore), Cornwall (St. Ives) and Isle of Wight (Ventnor, Bonchurch) at "caretaker rents" from October to April only. 2/3 bedrooms, main services. From 4½gns. per month. Box 354.

3gns. p.w. Aug./Sept. B. & B. Sussex cottage. Other meals. Mod. cons. Box 798.

TO let—Furn. house, for long period from Oct. 1. 4/5 bedrms., bath-rm., separate W.C., 3 reception rms., kit., tel., large garage, pleasant garden. 2 mins. Broad, on Lowestoft bus route. "Homestead," 40 Victoria Rd., Oulton Broad, Suffolk. Tel. O.B. 393.

UNF. acc. London reqd. by yng. couple by Sept. Rent in advance. Box 767.

EX Univ. student reqs. inexpensive bed-sitter or flat, Hampstead area. Box 741.

COULD friendly family offer ex-married wom. with office job and little girl 4 yrs. part/unfurn. room(s) & k., plus help non-school hours (recip. evgs.)? Box 772.

WANTED: s.c. 2/3-roomed unfurn. flat, moderate f./f. London. Box-844.

WANTED from beg. Sept. by prof. gentleman, s/c. flatlet (pref. unf. or part-furn.), 1 large bright bed-sit., kit., bath (share considered), use 'phone; no linen/crockery reqd. Please reply Box 852 bef. end July.

YOUNG couple urgently require flat, furn./unfurn., South W. London. 2 rooms, kit., bathroom. To 5gns. MAI. 3815.

UNIV. Lecturer reqs. 1 or 2 rooms with ckg. facils. and bath, from Sept.; within 5-10 mins. Gower St. View now. Box 870.

WANTED mid-Sept. or earlier, pleasant room in friendly household. (Professional or artistic by choice.) Would share flat. Some ckg. facs. Quiet, independence. Secretary working Denmark Hill. Dulwich, S. London/Victoria districts pref. Box 871.

ARCHIT./accnt. cple need space for self-expression. Indoors. London. Box 770.

FOREIGN Service officer with family requires furnished accommodation London 4 months from early September. Box 807.

WOMAN graduate reqs. unfurn. flat; small, s.c., sunny and near Westminster. Will decorate. Fittings purchased. Box 837.

WANTED Sept., 2 lge. furn. rooms, kit., in Bloomsbury/Holborn/Baker St. for 2 young ladies (artist & teacher). Box 923.

STUDENT couple (baby) need 3-rm. furn. flat, s/c., 4½gns. max. MEA. 3802.

WANTED: Furnished accom. for 3, London August 14 to Sept. 19. Box 916.

FURNISHED flat or house wanted, preferably N.W. London, for third or fourth week August. Sleep four. Schofield, 35 Parkfield Road, Liverpool, 17.

ADULT family (teachers) urgently require own home in S.E. London at reasonable rent. Quiet, reliable, sensible tenants. Bath essential. Box 685.

WANTED: Furnished house or cottage for 3, August 14 to September 19, approx. 15 miles from London. Box 917.

WANTED to rent, unfurnished large old house with own garage, large rooms min. 3 recep., 4 bed.). Lee-Blackheath area. Polson, 14 Pembroke Rd., Bromley, Kent.

ACCOM. from September near Impington, Cambridge, reqd. by teachers with son aged six. Any suggestions welc. Box 672.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange. (Man. 7616). Bernard Miles in "Macbeth." 6 p.m. Sat. 2.30 & 8.15. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Tobias and the Angel." Mems.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cobley's Farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Sun. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

LONDON'S Only Late-Night Theatre, The Irving, Leicester Square. (WHI. 8657.) Every night at 10.30 (Sun. 9.30), "Talk of the Night," a saucy, satirical, intimate Revue. Also, commencing July 29 at 7.30, "Caribbean Cruise," an American Musical Revue. Licensed till midnight. Annual membership 5s. Overseas visitors welcomed.

EVERYMAN. Hmp. 1525. Until July 26: "Bicycle Thieves" (U). From July 27: Pierre Fresnay in "Isle of Sinners" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 26, 7.30 "Vita Da Cani" (A) (Italian).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Sunday, July 26, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. "Krakatit" (Czechoslovakian film of Capek fantasy). U.P.A.'s "Rooty Toot Toot" and other films.

DANCING, pleasant atmosphere at The Blue Danube Club, 153 Finchley Rd., N.W.3, every Sat. & Sun., 8.30-12. Concert classical records, Fridays 8.15. Mems.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 25 & nightly at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts., 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 4400, 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Three recitals. "Old Music with Old Instruments," Cecily Arnold and Marshall Johnson. Thursdays at 6.30 p.m., July 30, August 6 and August 13. Admission 1s. at the door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons., Weds., Fris.-Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland. Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) Drawings and Watercolours and James Gillray (1757-1815) Coloured Engravings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Closing July 31.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927) 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Selected French paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SELECTED English 19th Century Paintings at Green & Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. July 2-30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Eleven British Painters—Recent Work. July 3-August 1. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Space in Colour: Paintings selected by Patrick Heron. Until August 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. excepted) 10-5. Adm. free.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours. 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise (21st Year) at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWELVE Australian Artists. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Aug. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Australian Paintings by James Cant, and 30 Water Colours by Barbara Lee. Daily 11-6, Sats. included.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, July 29, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. "The Human Factor in Industry." Speaker: John Marsh, Director of the Industrial Welfare Society. Admission 2s.

ILLUSTRATED Lecture. At the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. On Wednesday, July 29, 8.15 p.m. "The Relationship between Form and Content," by Eric Newton. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

LEONARD Cassini. Talk on Musical Life in Rumania. Met leading composers and musicians during recent visit. Sunday, July 26, at 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Notting Hill Gate Tube), 7.30 p.m. Chair: Harry Francis. British Rumanian Friendship Assn., 40 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday Jul. 24, 7.15 p.m. Dr. Aziz Khattab, "Modern Egypt."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday-morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts recommence October 4.

"SO you're going to the University?" Freshers' conference, Sept. 21-24, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Liberal Mind." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, July 26, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. July 26: "The Meaning of Pain." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

UNIVERSALIST Service. Sunday, July 26, 3.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse: Rev. Will Haves, "1066—and All That." P.P.U. Religion Commission.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Present Question Conference, 1953, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 8 to 15. Theme: "Springs of Action." Speakers and Chairmen: T. F. Coade, Professor C. A. Coulson, Michael Fraser, W. D. Hogarth, Professor H. D. Lewis, Professor P. B. Medawar, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Leslie Paul, Sir Herbert Read, Dr. I. Rostas, Christopher Salmon, Professor K. B. Smellie, W. A. Sinclair, Otto van der Sprenkel, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries to: Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

HISTORY Study Group Adelphi, Buckingham Street, W.C.2, welcomes new students for 1953-4. Mondays 6.45 p.m., beginning Oct. 5; Subject: Religious, Social and Political Movements from Elizabeth I to the Present. Widely experienced teacher, Ph.D., lively stimulating discussions. Enquiries: TERminus 5195, 8-10 a.m. or write Adelphi, c/o 8 Regent Square, W.C.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS

SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

CANONBURY House, N.1. Imposing double-fronted Georgian house, 15 rooms, 3,600 sq. ft. To be let on lease. Rent £450 p.a. No premium. P. J. Broomhall, F.R.I.C.S., 3 New Court, W.C.2. HOLborn 7574.

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THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particulars MUS. 8923.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JULY Penguins out to-day. John Dickson Carr—The Case of the Constant Suicides, He Who Whispers, Death-Watch, Till Death Do Us Part and The Emperor's Snuff-Box; Winston Clewes—Journey Into Spring; The Manchester Guardian Fourth Crossword Puzzle Book—each 2s. Pelicans: The Ant World by Derek Wragge Morley (2s.); John Stuart Mill by Karl Britton (2s.); Puffin Story Book: King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table by Roger Lancelyn Green (2s. 6d.). Buildings of England: Hertfordshire—Pevsner (4s. 6d.). For full list of books in stock write to Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middx.

EVANS: Why Scott Henderson Was Wrong, by Geoffrey Bing, Q.C., M.P. — in "Tribune" this week.

"MERLIN" English literary quarterly pub. Paris. New issue just out. Articles by Jean Genêt, J. P. Sartre, Henry Miller, 3s. 2d. France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

MONTJOIE: a new quarterly review about France, French culture & the teaching of French in England. Sub. 10s. a year to Montjoie, 192 Hydethorpe Rd., S.W.12.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 114 and 115

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